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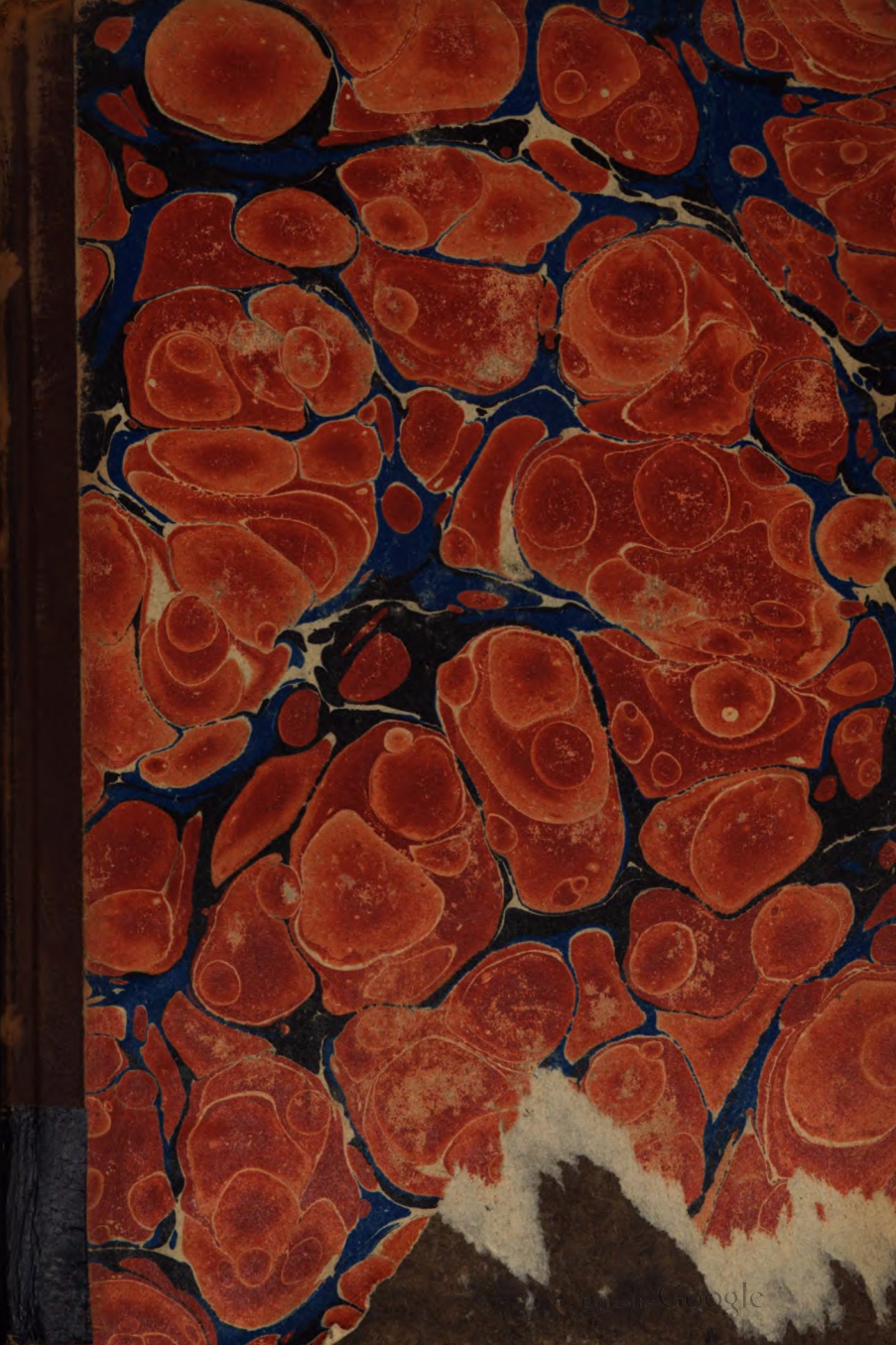
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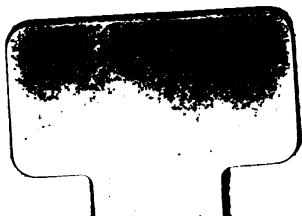
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THE  
SHILLING  
BOOK  
OF  
BEAUTY.



EDITED,  
&  
ILLUSTRATED, BY  
CUTHBERT BEDE.



1856:  
J. BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON



THE SHILLING  
BOOK OF BEAUTY.

Edited and Illustrated

BY

CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEDLEY," "MOTLEY," "VERDANT GREEN," "PHOTOGRAPHIC PLEASURES,"  
"LOVE'S PROVOCATIONS," ETC.

"This Book of Beauty, read!"

*King John*, Act II., Sc. 2.

LONDON:  
JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1858.  
249. u. 407

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## PREFACE.

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SOME change having been made in the production of this work since its first announcement, I think it incumbent upon me to preface it with a few explanatory words.

In the earliest advertisements of "The Shilling Book of Beauty," it was stated that it would be

EDITED BY THE HON. MRS. DRIBBLE;

(I need not say, the distinguished authoress of that clever novel of fashionable life, "The Magnolia of May-Fair; or, the Count and the Coronet;") but, owing to arbitrary circumstances over which she had no control, Mrs. Dribble was compelled to abandon her delightful task. In this juncture of affairs, a change in the editorship of this book became necessary; and it was, eventually, placed in my hands.

But here a new difficulty arose. Mrs. Dribble had informed the world that "The Shilling Book of Beauty" would contain contributions from Mrs. Bore, Sir E. L. B. L. B. Little, the Right Hon. B. Bendizzy, and other fashionable writers. Whether or no these distinguished authors had really written the promised articles, it is not for me to say; but *not one of their manuscripts was handed over to me*. In this strait, I took the course that appeared to me to surmount the difficulty in the most satisfactory way.

It is not necessary for me to mention the manner in which I became possessed of the various specimens of the authorship of

some of the most celebrated writers of the day. In their unavoidable absence, I have endeavoured to represent them with (as Pisanio says)

“What imitation *I* can borrow.”

I crave their pardon and indulgence for the manner in which I have performed this novel task, while I take upon my own head the various defects of the various articles. My “betters play at that game,” and I—not being a Timon of Athens—have “dared to imitate them.” I have but trod in the footsteps of Bon Gaultier and the authors of “Punch’s Prize Novelists,” “Firmilian,” and “The Rejected Addresses;” and I desire nothing else than to echo the words—and the spirit of those words—of the Preface of the last-mentioned book, “The editor does not anticipate any disapprobation from thus giving publicity to” the contents of “The Shilling Book of Beauty;” “for, unless he is widely mistaken in assigning the respective authors, the fame of each individual is established on too firm a basis to be shaken by so trifling and evanescent a publication as the present.”

CUTHBERT BEDE.

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# THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

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## MAMMON'S MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. BORE,

Authoress of "Mammon and Salmon," "Mothers and Grandmothers,"  
"Peers and Peris," &c.

### INTRODUCTION.



O write a Fashionable Novel—*un roman de mœurs*, as our gay neighbours term it—is a feat that every new-fledged author thinks himself, or herself, capable of achieving. They imagine that they have but to select a hero whom the lady reader shall pronounce to be a *bel esprit*, and a heroine beautiful as the Venus Anadyomene—and give them wealth and titles, coronetted friends, and a May fair existence—and that the first great step is taken towards

B

success. *Le premier pas qui coûte*: they have constructed their fashionable hero and heroine, and Mudie and Westerton must respectively order two hundred and fifty copies of the Fashionable Novel.

The consequence of this gentle insanity is, that the reader has to sustain the *peines fortes et dures* before he can arrive at the welcome word "Finis" that is to release him from his misery. As for the plot and incidents, are they not always the same—*toujours perdrix*? You know very well from the first that Lady Blanche will marry Lord Miniver, and that the Marquis will survive his duel. It is like the turbot and saddle-of-mutton dinners—the *ménage* admits of no variation.

And yet this country has earned the continental distinction of being, *par excellence*, "*le pays des originaux*"—which it certainly is, if eccentricity be meant. But to expect originality in the callow brood of Fashionable Novels that are thrust daily from the hard nest of the Minerva press, would be as absurd as to expect a *suprême de volaille* from the feminine Ude who acts as your *chef de cuisine* for the salary of £10 a-year, or the installation of a bagman in Mivart's *Appartement des Princesses*.

Amid this dreary mass of insipidity—through which the reader, who is possessed of the *fonds de tendresse*, drags himself with a martyr's constancy of endurance—it must really be a refreshing treat to open a Fashionable Novel in which you will find the three great ensurers of success—originality, novelty, and ability. Such a book must prove to the Circulating Librarian an inestimable treasure—*qui n'a pas de prix*.

And such a book, dear reader, you found in the last novel that proceeded from this pen; and such a one, I confidently believe, you will discover in this present tale. As to its story, I might perhaps exclaim with Canning's *Knifegrinder*—

"Story! God bless you, sir, I've none to tell!"

Nevertheless, it is a recital of facts: and "truth is stranger than fiction." *Adieu!*

CHAPTER I.

"Who's that uncommon nice-looking girl?" said the good-humoured young Marquis of Fantail, as, in company with the other leaders of *ton*, he crushed up the marble staircase of the most princely mansion in Belgravia.

"Hang'd if I know!" replied the handsome Lord Alfred Deuceace; "but she's a clipper!"

"*Vraiment!*" said the Marquis, with enthusiasm; "what an *ingénue* she is. I don't remember her face. This must be her first season."

"Decidedly, my lord!" cried the punning and racy Jekyll Jones, whose *bon-mots* are in everybody's mouth; "there is the innocence of rice-pudding in her very look: her roseate mouth seems redolent of bread-and-butter. Without doubt she is a nursery *débütante*."

"The doose take it, Jekyll; you are too bad. 'Pon my soul, you are!" said the Marquis. And good-humoured as he was, yet there was a shade of asperity in his tone. Could he even now be cherishing that fatal passion, which——? But we are anticipating. *Revenons à nos moutons*.

"Lombard Street to a China orange, if she can tell *orgeat* from lemonade, or *quenelles de veau* from sweetbreads!" said the witty Jekyll, pursuing his theme, without noticing the gathering cloud on the noble brow of the young Marquis.

"She is *bien gantée*, at any rate," said the handsome Lord Alfred, in whose eyes a close-fitting glove was a necessary of existence.

"And deserves to be well-loved, as well as well-gloved," said Mr. Jekyll Jones, firing off one of those inimitable *bon-bon bon-mots*, that, within twenty-four hours, would be echoed through every Club in London, and quoted alike by the old fogies of the *Assinæum* and the young scapegraces of the *Rag*. It was already received with roar upon roar of laughter by those who were fortunate enough to hear it.

"Don't laugh so boisterously, or you'll ruin your stays," said

the wit to young Lacey, of the Treasury, whose pinched-in waist evidently owed its compression to the feminine bodice. And Mr. Jekyll Jones's lively sally, though it stopped young Lacey's laughter, only served to increase the merriment of the others.

By the time that it had pretty well ceased—from the exhaustion of the laughers—they had reached the summit of the marble staircase, and slowly proceeded, amid the dense throng of the *beau monde*, along a softly-carpeted landing which was lined with the choicest products of the conservatory.

"We shall soon know who your fair *incognita* is, *mon cher* Fantail," said Lord Alfred.

"Perchance the sole daughter of the house and heart of a *nouveau riche*, or the beloved offspring of a knighted mill-owner!" cried Jekyll Jones, gaily.

The Marquis of Fantail did not make any observation; but that the arrow of wit rankled in his manly bosom, was evident from the spasm of agony that shot across his noble features. "Alas! if she should be as Jekyll says!" he thought. "But no; the seal of aristocracy is stamped upon her brow!"

"Now for it!" said Lord Alfred.

"The Duchess of Ditchwater and the Lady Alexandrina Coldstream," was proclaimed, in a loud voice, by an Apollo Belvidere in livery.

"Thank Heaven!" said the Marquis, "she is no plebeian!"

His heart had told him truly.

In another moment his own name had been proclaimed. As it was so, the Lady Alexandrina's gaze fell upon the Marquis. Their eyes met. It was a moment of inexplicable bliss to the Marquis.

But his happiness was quickly dispelled by a hoarse voice that whispered in his ear—"Do not cherish hopes that cannot be realised. She can never be yours."

The Marquis quickly turned round, and found that the speaker was Sir Mawworm Mumble.

## CHAPTER II.

According to the inimitable Rochefoucault, a courtier is "*un homme sans humeur et sans honneur*." As a *pendant* to which witty definition, we may accept that equally biting one, which, as old Izaak Walton says, was written in Latin—though, thanks for those who are no blues, he has had the politeness to translate the words—in the album of Christopher Flecamore, by Sir Henry Wotton, when ambassador at Venice, that an ambassador is "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

Now, Sir Mawworm Mumble was a compound of these two characters. He would tell you a lie with the most plausible appearance of truth, and could put such a mask upon his face, that, like Talleyrand, you might kick him *d' derrière*, and the spectator would be unable to tell from his countenance that he was suffering either pain or indignity. He assumed such a specious appearance, that you could not suspect him of deceit. *He* deceive you! Heaven forbid! he did not know how to use the weapons of fraud: he was altogether defenceless—*sans armes comme l'innocence*.

It is half the battle to

"Assume a virtue, though you have it not;"

for, if you persist in the assumption, it will soon grow into a part of yourself, and all your neighbours will imagine that they actually see the virtue of which they hear so much. We have seen this in the case of a *banquier*, who would swindle you out of your property, and tell you, with a text in his mouth, to put his name down for £100 on behalf of the hospital of which you are a director. Of course you believed such a pious, charitable man, and would have trusted him with untold sums. Sham diamonds very often do duty for real ones: some people preferred the glass imitation to the veritable Koh-i-noor.

Sir Mawworm Mumble had first been introduced to the Duchess of Ditchwater and her daughter, when they were making the *grand tour*. As ambassador, they had *lettres d'in-*

introduction to him ; and he was enabled to be of great service to them. The Lady Alexandrina was then but a child—*de jeune fille* in thought and manner ; but Sir Mawworm was but her senior by fifteen years, a disparity that, in *his* eyes at least, was a very slight one, and was more than counterbalanced by the rank of the *demoiselle*.

"A union with the daughter of a Duchess," thought the baronet, "will give me that elevation in the social scale that I now seek for. I have talent, position, and wealth : she has her beauty and title. Fortune she has none ; so they will be glad to dispose of her to the highest bidder. Of course, she will do as her parents bid her ; for the law of primogeniture, which reduces daughters and younger sons to beggary, will oblige her to marry for position. If love form a part of the contract, well and good ; but if not, *n'importe*."

So, without striving to make himself more than commonly



MAMMON'S MARRIAGE.  
"They wedded her to \$60,000, to lands in Kent, and messuages."—*Traverson*.

agreeable to the young lady, the baronet paid all his court to the mamma ; when she was abroad, telling her *les cancans* of the foreign courts ; and when she was at home, winning her heart by smuggling over a Brussels lace dress, a *déjeuner* of Dresden china, or the newest novel of Paul de Kock. Sir Mawworm Mumble had not learned the secrets of diplomacy in vain.

A year or two had passed ; the Lady Alexandrina had, in the interval, increased in beauty. She had been introduced, and had made a most successful *début*. What with paragraphs in the *Morning Post* and the country newspapers ; what with portraits on the walls of the Academy and in the pages of "The Buds and Blossoms of the Nobility," she had been as well advertised as a Meehi's razor, or a Nicoll's reversible *paletôt*. Educated by her

mother, the Duchess—a shrewd woman of the world—in the school of the aristocratical Mammon, and taught, as a primary rule of existence, that she must make it her study to “range herself” (as our Allies say) as soon as possible, and to the best possible advantage, the Lady Alexandrina was not able to devote herself to the *saoro santo far niente*, but was compelled to be a young woman of business.

From May to August, it was her fate—with scores of other victims—to lead that hard-working round of life, that commences existence at two in the afternoon of one day, and terminates it at four in the morning of the next. During this time—tutored by Madame Michan, and dressed like an illustration to *La Belle Assemblée*—she went through the usual series of exhibitions, *dé-journers*, Greenwich parties, operas, ancient concerts, seasoned with flirtings at balls and assemblies, and in the public promenades of Hyde Park.

In this eventful period of the Lady Alexandrina's existence, it would be difficult to say how many raw ensigns of the Guards were driven to the verge of despair by her coquettish *agaceries*. It would be hard to reckon up the number of ill-fated youths and youthful bucks upon whom the lobster cutlets, the turkey poult, the venison pasties, the *salmi* of woodcocks, the *capitolade*, the *fondue*, the *méringués glacés*, the *pâtés de foie gras*, the chambertin, the twice-to-India Madeira, and all those other provocatives to Apicianism which “the Season” so bountifully provides, failed to produce the slightest impression, from the distracting présence of the Lady Alexandrina. Wherever her natty, light-built chariot was seen, with its powdered standard footmen and wiggy body-coachman, thither were turned admiring eyes—thither pranced curvetting steeds.

Her youthful ladyship was a flirt of the first water, and was perfectly well-instructed in the business to which she had been apprenticed. Sir Mawworm Mumble was continually in her society, and she had not, as yet, shown herself in any way averse to him.

Alas, for the Marquis of Fantail! He should have been thrown across her path earlier in her career. And yet, in spite of the adage, it is not always that *le premier pas qui coûte*.

## NOTE TO THE READER.

It is evident that the whole of this very interesting and exciting story—which is of the orthodox three-volume length—could not be given in this one small volume. Mr. Blackwood has therefore resolved to follow the example of a leading publisher, who treats the readers of “GENTLY’S MISSELLINGANY” to the greater portion of a novel, and then, when it is approaching its *dénouement*, withdraws it from the periodical, and announces it for separate publication, in its completed form, at the low price of a guinea and a-half. By this ingenious *ruse*, the publisher gains thirty-one shillings and sixpence from every reader who has been sufficiently interested in the story to make him desirous of seeing the manner in which its characters are eventually disposed of. Mr. Blackwood, therefore, desiring to tread in the pecuniary path thus pointed out to him, abruptly closes the present tale of “Mammon’s Marriage” at the second chapter; the portion of the novel now given to the public being merely a prelude to the announcement of its publication in 3 vols., price 31s. 6d.



THE RISING GENERATION.  
"Fine girl of her age."

## MAUD IN THE GARDEN.

BY ALFRED TENNISON, ESQ., D.C.L.,

Author of "Maudlin," "In Immemorial," "Tennison's Sermons," &c., &c.

SHE is coming, my own, my sweet;  
 She is coming, my life, my fate;  
 I hear the beat of her fairy feet,  
 As she trips to the garden gate;  
 As she comes to the garden gate,  
 In her glimmer of satin and pearl,  
 With her sunny head in a terrible state,  
 And her ringlets out of curl.

The dancers have left her alone,  
 She is weary of dance and play;  
 Her gapes to the breeze are thrown,  
 She is too much fagg'd to be gay;  
 To bed she ought to have gone,  
 While the night was yet yesterday;  
 Beauty sleep does not come after one;  
 Late hours drive health away.

She has come to the garden, has Maud,  
 She is here at the gate with me;  
 The rooks in the elms have cawed,  
 And the lark springs up from the lea.  
 It is early morning, my Maud,  
 And in bed you ought to be,  
 And not at the garden gate, Maud,  
 At the garden gate with me.

My little Queen Lily-and-Rose,  
 In your cheek the rose is dead,

But it lives again in your nose,  
 And its bloom of blushing red  
 Round your eyes of violet goes,  
 Goes till you go to bed.

You have come to the garden, my dear,  
 You have come, my life, my fate ;  
 Your raking is over, and here  
 You stand at the garden gate ;  
 The rake in the garden is near,  
 And the bed for the rake doth wait.



TENNISON AND HIS MAUD.  
 (A Sketch from the Isle of Wight.)

We shall soon have the morning sun,  
 And you won't look well in its light ;  
 Complexions are given to none  
 To last out the revels of night ;  
 And the daffodil sky makes each one  
 To look like a perfect fright ;  
 And your lilies to seed have run,  
 'Twere falsehood to call them white.

You are jaded and fagg'd, my sweet,  
 You are tired to death, my own ;  
 The jewel-print of your feet  
 Falls heavy as common stone ;

My Maud, you are quite dead beat,  
And to being done up must own.

All night have your ears been dinn'd  
With the flute, violin, basseon ;  
All night have the fiddlers sinn'd,  
By fiddling the dance out of tune,  
Till the dancers at length were thinn'd,  
And went home to the setting moon.

There's a rent in your dress, my love,  
From an awkward partner's toe ;  
There's a rent in your kidded glove,  
And stains that in daylight show.  
And your *bouquet's* withered, my dove,  
And so has your cheek's rosy glow ;  
And your eyes are half shut, my love,  
And to bed you had better go.

They'll miss you in-doors, my dear,  
For you should not be out so late,  
Though early I call it, here  
In the daffodil dawn to wait.  
A footstep is coming near,  
It comes to the garden gate ;  
'Tis the rural policeman, dear ;  
I must cut my stick, and vacate.

## EPIGRAM.

BY A. GARDINER.

Says the proverb, "Persuasion is better than *force*,"  
So I'll try it with Pines—it will answer, of course.

# SIR BROWN : A MYSTERY OF LONDON.

BY MONS. DERNIER SOU,  
Author of "Mysteries of Everywhere," &c.

## BOOK I.

### CHAPTER I.—PLACE TRAFALGARS.



NIGHT was dark—terribly dark. In fact, it could not have been darker.

The dreariness of the scene was heightened by a dense fog, denser than usual even in London, where there is ever fog. Even in the day-time, those whom business compelled to cross the lonely avenues of the Place Trafalgars,

were unable to distinguish the few miserable trees that grow there, and form what the west-end inhabitants denominate a *squarr*. What, then, must have been the dismal obscurity of this wretched spot at the hour of midnight?

The few *lanternes*, that hung suspended from cords stretched from side to side of the Place, could yield but a faint, struggling light, against the combined fog and gloom. The dense vapour even muffled the great bell of St. Paul's Abbey, which rears its twin towers on the one side of the Place; but only muffled it, for its deep, sonorous tones could be heard even through the fog. It was impressive. It was even terrible.

The pavements were deserted. The blue-coated "pielers," who were the guardians of the night, had gone to their accustomed kitchens. Consumption was more to be dreaded than a

reprimand from their general. Even the revellers from the *clubbs* abstained from their nocturnal habit of breaking lamps and untwisting knockers. It was not the evening for pastime!

It was a dreadful night.

And all was still!

## CHAPTER II.—SIR BROWN AND JACKI.

Suddenly beneath the feeble light of a *lanterne* might have been discerned a form.

The heavy riding-whip in his hand; the yellow-buttoned blue coat; the "topped boots," drawn up to the knee, over the pantaloons; the under linen, trimmed with the finest and whitest



SIR BROWN AND THE BOULE-DOGUE.  
(From a French Design.)

lace; the *boule-dogue* at his heels; but, above all, his aspect of spleen, proclaimed him to be a son of Albion.

"The night it is my friend," he said, speaking with many oaths, and shutting his one eye after the English fashion; "eh! eh! she will be here too soon. Oh, how sweet to me is the revenge!"

He scowled fearfully, he clenched his teeth, he thrust his *beavare* hat upon his brow, he doubled his huge *fistes*, he shook his heavy riding-whip. He did these things alternatively; they were an evidence of the paroxysms that tore his breast.

He then became calmer, and whistled "The Roast-Bif of Old England." This was the national hymn of his country; it soothed him, and he caressed the *boule-dogue*.

"Where is my rascal Jacki?" he muttered aloud.

"I am here, Sir Brown!" said a voice, close at his elbow.

Sir Brown started.

And yet he was no coward. But he had a scheme of villany in his brain, and even villains are not always brave.

If time had been allowed him for reflection, he would have perceived that no enemy was at hand. Otherwise, the faithful *boule-dogue* would have given the alarm. In place of this, he licked the feet of Jacki, which were clothed with topped boots, similar to those of his master.

Jacki was Sir Brown's *Tigère*. He was possessed of immense strength; for the English *noblesse* choose their servants of this description from the pugilistic class denominated "Bruizeres."

His strength made him an invaluable assistant in Sir Brown's schemes of prodigacy.

### CHAPTER III.—THE FIACRE.

"The fiacre is in waiting, milord," said the *Tigère*.

"Good!" said Sir Brown. "You know what to do?"

Jacki's only answer to this question was in an expressive look and the shutting of his one eye. It seemed to satisfy his master, whose countenance of spleen was for a moment enlivened with a grim smile of satisfaction.

It was as though a lightning-flash had illumined a horrible chasm.

"Is the pitch-plaster in readiness?" asked Sir Brown.

"I believe you, my boy," replied the *Tigère*.

"My faithful Jacki," murmured Sir Brown.

He then whispered some instructions into his servant's ear, and disappeared in the fog. The *boule-dogue* would have followed him, but was restrained by Jacki.

The *Tigère* and the *dogue* withdrew beneath the massive arch that gives admittance to the avenues of the Place Trafalgars. This arch is surmounted by a colossal equestrian figure of Sir Peel, the great *Speakare* in their National Assembly, and the vendor of cheapened bread. The figure is huge and hideous. It lends a dismal terror to the Place.

Jacki waited five minutes—ten.

At the end of the tenth minute the *boule-dogue* gave a low whine. It was clear that some one was coming.

In fact, some one was.

At a word and a kick from Jacki, the *boule-dogue* was silent; but his long ears were raised in anxious expectation, and every hair of his bushy tail stood erect.

A female form, muffled in a shawl, approached Sir Peel's Arch.

"Great heavens! how dark! it creates in me the horrors!" she murmured. And she drew her shawl the more closely around her.

It was of no avail. In another instant she was in the fangs of the *Tigère*.

Jacki had thrown around her his brawny arms, and, before the scream that had risen to her tongue could be formed upon her lips, he had covered them with the pitched-plaster. Then he seized her in his arms, and, with no more exertion than if she had been an infant, he carried her to the fiacre that was in waiting hard by.

Its driver was a creature of Sir Brown's, and knew his duty. Not a word was spoken on either side. Jacki lifted his burden into the fiacre, and placed the muzzle of a pistol against her forehead.

But she had already fainted.

The *boule-dogue* leaped into the fiacre, and jumped upon the seat by the side of Jacki. The lady continued in her swoon. It was a providence; it was a mercy.

The fiacre then drove off. As it did so, the great bell of St. Paul's Abbey solemnly tolled—One!

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## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER I.—THE WOODEN HOUSE.

After it had proceeded through the fog for ten minutes, the fiacre was driven down a narrow street, so narrow and precipitous that it was like a mountain ravine; especially so, as a kennel of water rushed down the centre of this gloomy place. There were no *lanternes*; there were no lights in any of the chambers of the vast wooden houses, whose gabled tops almost met overhead. In fact, the street was a *cul-de-sac*, bounded by the Thames river, and composed chiefly of *magasins*.

In front of one of these the fiacre stopped. It was evident that the driver knew the locality.

Descending from his driving-box, he advanced to a stout oaken door, and tapped against it in a peculiar manner. He did this three times. At the third tap, the door flew open. No one was visible within, but a glimmering light that came from a passage above revealed a rugged flight of stairs.

Up these stairs Jacki bore his still insensible burden, the *boule-dogue* following at his heels. The driver remained below, to refresh himself with the contents of a bottle of *hafa-an-hafa*, which had been placed near to the door, apparently in readiness for him.

Jacki passed up the stairs, and turned into a room on the right. The light in the passage showed that the room was squalid and filthy, and destitute of furniture, save a table and two chairs of the rudest workmanship.

Across this desolated apartment, Jacki carried the form of the still insensate lady. He then paused beside a door. At this

door he tapped twice and then whistled. He then tapped once again.

"Who goes it there?" asked a voice from within.

"My-eye-an-betti-martin," replied Jacki.

"Enter My-eye-an-betti-martin," said the voice.

The watchword had been effectual, and the door flew open. Jacki advanced with his burden. The *boule-dogue* followed close upon his master's topped-boots.

## CHAPTER II.—THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

If it had been Jacki's first visit he would have been astonished at what he saw. But it was not.

The room he now entered was in appearance the very opposite to that out of which he had passed. It was furnished



The Chamber of Horrors,

with the most princely splendour, and in a manner that invited to luxurious ease. Articles of *vertu* were scattered around in profusion; costly mirrors reflected the gleams of countless wax-lights, and multiplied the number of the gems of art that hung

upon the walls. The soft Persian carpet, that yielded to the heavy step of Jacki, muffled his footfall. A cheery fire burnt within the silver "dogs" of the hearth; on a table was set out a glittering profusion of gold plate, on which were tempting viands and luscious fruits. Among them, sparkling wines gleamed like magnificent rubies and opals. Everything bespoke princely opulence and lavish splendour.

What a contrast was the interior of this apartment to the squalid poverty that reigned without! But the world is deceived by foul appearances as well as fair.

On a velvet couch, in the centre of this gorgeous apartment, was stretched Sir Brown. He was reading his *Times* and his *Punch*, the two great organs of his nation, and looked strangely unlike a man who was harbouring a crime in his thoughts.

It was of too frequent occurrence to discompose his stolidity.

He rose as Jacki approached bearing the insensate form of the lady. "So!" he muttered with his many and coarse English oaths, "the charmer is lifeless. You have been rough, my Jacki. The pitched-plaster was too strong: these women have no nerves. Is she heavy?"

"Light as the cork, milor," replied Jacki, with a grin.

"Place her upon yonder couch, and remove the pitched-plaster," said Sir Brown; "possibly she may not have been accustomed to wear such a respirator on these evenings of fog."

And Sir Brown laughed, and shut his one eye, as he poured out a bumper of Lafitte.

### CHAPTER III.—THE ————

Jacki approached the couch designated by his master. Upon it he laid the lady, with more of tenderness than could have been expected in one of his rude strength. He then proceeded to remove the pitched-plaster from her mouth.

The action caused by this proceeding assisted the lady to regain her sensibility; and, sighing deeply, she slowly unclosed her eyes, and looked around her. Her glance fell upon the burly form of Jacki, the *bouk-dogue*, and the luxurious apartment.

Her countenance took the aspect of astonishment at the incongruous picture presented to her view; but, sighing yet more deeply, she buried her face in her hands.

"The lady is all serene, milor," said Jacki to his master.

"So! that is good," observed Sir Brown, as he tossed off the bumper of Lafitte. "Permit me to see how my charmer finds herself."

He advanced to the lady's side, and attempted to remove her hands from her face.

The lady trembled and sobbed violently.

"My dear friend," said Sir Brown, "play not the coquette. Be amiable to me; permit me to behold that face more beauteous than" —

"Ah, that voice!" screamed the lady suddenly; and, by a powerful effort, she started up and threw Sir Brown from her side. "That voice!—great heavens! it is he."

"Holy lormayor! it is my aunt," cried Sir Brown.

Jacki looked on with astonishment.

The lady had at once fallen prostrate on the *Veretian* carpet. Sir Brown sought to raise her, but her limbs were stiff and powerless.

"She is insensate," said Jacki.

"She is *dead*," said Sir Brown.

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## BOOK III.

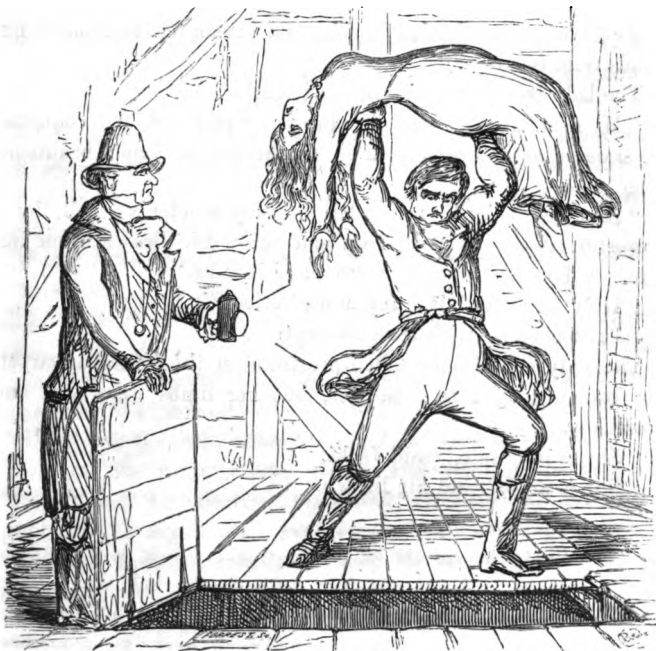
### CHAPTER I.—THE WELL-ROOM.

The *boule-dogue* went to the lifeless body of the lady, and sniffed around it. He then began to howl.

"Quick, Jacki," cried Sir Brown, "no time is to be lost. That cursed *dogue* will arouse the pickers and the officers of justice."

Jacki kicked the *boule-dogue* with his heavy-topped boots. This made him howl more loudly than before.

"It was an unfortunate error," said Sir Brown; "my aunt, at least, should have been respected. Why did her destiny lead her to wander so inopportunistically to Sir Peel's Arch? But it cannot be helped," he added, with the stolidity of his race. "Jacki, bring the body to the Well-room."



The Well-Room.

At this moment the *boule-dogue* dashed out of the room, howling fearfully.

On the one side of the room, at a slight distance from the floor, hung a masterpiece of Rubens, *Satyrs disporting with Nymphs*. Sir Brown advanced to it and pressed a particular part of its massive frame. The picture swung slowly round and discovered a sliding-panel, which Sir Brown pushed on one side. It disclosed a secret staircase.

This staircase led to the Well-room.

The *Tigère*—much as a real tiger would have done—threw the body of the unfortunate lady over his shoulder, and followed Sir Brown down the secret staircase.

As he did so, the panel was closed behind them and the Rubens swung round into its place. Only the nymphs and satyrs were to be seen.

A dark-lantern was burning upon the stairs. Sir Brown took it and lighted up the way. They reached the Well-room. In the centre of the room was an iron ring. Sir Brown seized it; it opened a trap-door. As Sir Brown held the lantern over the aperture, its light flashed through a dark gulf, and fell upon a torrent, rushing and roaring far beneath. It was, in fact, the Thames river.

"Is it to be—the draught as before, milor?" asked Jacki, with a grin.

"Peace! no trifling," replied Sir Brown, sternly; "remember that she is my aunt, and must be respected."

The barking of the *boule-dogue* again reached their ears.

"No time is to be lost," said Sir Brown; "fling her in."

Jacki took the body of the unfortunate lady, poised it for an instant over the yawning gulf, and then loosed his hold.

He did this so neatly that it was evident he had been accustomed to the deed. In fact, he had.

A hollow splash in the rushing stream below told that the body had reached its destination. Sir Brown held the lantern over the aperture and gazed down. As he did so, the white face of the corpse, with its wide-open, glaring eyes, for a moment met his gaze. The next instant the waters had whirled it away.

Sir Brown, with an oath and a cry of terror, covered his eyes. The trap-door fell with a crash.

## CHAPTER II.—THE FLIGHT.

The barking of the *boule-dogue* had grown louder. It had aroused the pieliers, and they were now heard beating in the outer door of the house.

"We must fly, Jacki," said Sir Brown. "Even now I hear the pieliers passing into the room above. They will be some time in discovering the secret of the Rubens; in the interim we can escape at this side-door, and up the street, without being seen."

"But why not run the other way?" asked Jacki.

"Pish!" cried his master; "can you run across the Thames river?"

"I forgot myself," said the *Tigère*. "Would we had a boat!"

"My faithful Jacki," murmured Sir Brown, "we may not meet again. Here is a purse of gold and banquier's notes; also my watch; also my diamond rings. They are worth half a million of francs. With them you can open a *publique* and sell *hase-an-hase*. Adieu, my friend! let us consult for the safety of ourselves."

Jacki was much affected. "I had expected the purse and the watch," said the faithful fellow, "but not the diamonds. O milor, how good you are!" A torrent of tears choked his further utterance.

"There are grateful hearts still in the world," thought Sir Brown, with a pang.

They quietly opened the postern-door, and emerged into the dark, ravine-looking alley. With stealthy steps they safely passed the broken door, through which the pieliers had entered, and cautiously reached the top of the alley.

"Farewell, my friend," softly said Sir Brown, as he embraced his *Tigère*; "here we part."

"No, you don't," cried a voice at his elbow; and immediately he was in the grasp of four pieliers.

But Jacki had not studied the *bruisere's* art for nothing, and to "flore" the four pieliers was to him the work of so many seconds.

"Fly, milor," he cried, "I can save myself. Fly."

Sir Brown did so.

### CHAPTER III.—THE BRIDGE OF WATERLOO.

Sir Brown swiftly sped over the pavements of two streets. He heard far behind him the footsteps of his pursuers; but Jacki's

faithful courage had enabled him to obtain a start, and he soon distanced them. He turned sharply round a corner, and fled on until he stood upon the Bridge of Waterloo. Then he paused.

Not a soul was to be seen; not a sound was to be heard, save the ripple of the water, and its murmuring plash against the wooden piers of the Bridge. A few stars were twinkling in the heavens, and some distant *lanternes* threw their faint, straggling light upon the river. It was a solemn scene. And impressive!

Sir Brown leaned himself on the parapet of the bridge, and fixed his gaze upon the right bank of the stream. His blood-shot eyes searched curiously among the dark wooden houses that hung over the river.

Suddenly there was a roar as of a thousand cannon; and with a fire like that of Vesuvius the wooden house on which Sir Brown had fixed his gaze was whirled into the air. The flames shot up, a black pall of smoke was lifted over the fire, blazing beams and timbers fell hissing into the water, which was lighted up with the glare of the conflagration. It even shone upon Sir Brown's features. They were already illumined with a smile!

"It is as I thought," he murmured; "in their search for me, the pieters have exploded the detonating train that led to the Powder Closet. I had my fancy that the contrivance would some day prove of use to me. It has scattered to the winds every evidence of my little peccadilloes. I feel curious to know how many of the pieters may be buried in the ruins. Ha!" And Sir Brown fell to speculation on this interesting point.

The flames from the blown-up building were beginning to extend themselves; cries of "Fire!" were resounding through the air, and arousing the heaviest of sleepers; the deep roll of the drums of the National Guard was heard—they were assembling to assist in the subjugation of the flames; the engines of fire were clattering along the paved streets; the alarm-bells of the churches mingled their deep tones with the sharper rattles of the pieters; and, above all, the great bell of St. Paul's Abbey began to boom.

Sir Brown appeared to enjoy this scene of alarm.

"What now to me is the past?" he muttered; "I live for the

present. There is nothing to show against my spotless fame. The Well-room and the Wooden House are blown to the winds, and as for the trinkets that were there—pah! the pieliers would have seized them; and I shall now inherit the fortune of my aunt. The silence of Jacki is purchased; his speech, too, would criminate himself. I am as safe as the English bank."

Sir Brown was deceived.

While he was so gazing at the conflagration, two of the blue-coated pieliers had cautiously approached. They now seized him.

Sir Brown perceived in a moment that he was lost. In another moment he had taken his resolution. Flight was out of the question.

"We shall have five hundred francs for this capture," said the one pielier with glee, as he busied himself in producing the manacles.

Sir Brown seized the opportunity and leapt upon the parapet of the bridge. In another instant he had disappeared. A splash in the river beneath told the pieliers that Sir Brown had thrown himself into the Thames river. At once they shouted for assistance, and ran round to the stairs beside the Bridge of Waterloo. They put off in boats, and, lighted by torches and the conflagration of the Wooden House, they searched the river.

It was in vain. They could not meet with the body of Sir Brown.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Times* and *The Punch* of the next morning devoted half a column to the known facts relating to the "Mysterious Disappearance of Sir Brown, Bart.," who was bewailed as one who was no more.

It was little suspected that the faithful *boule-dogue* had fled to the river-side at the moment when Sir Brown had taken his leap from the bridge, and had dragged his master safely to the shore.

Yet so it was.

# THE COACHMAN, THE COOK, AND THEIR PRODIGY THE PAGE.

BY WM. BREAKPEACE THWACKAWAY.\*

(With Illustrations by the Author.)



THE gentleman who rejoices in a blown-glass wig, silk stockings, pumps, and small epaulettes, and who upon state occasions appears with a tremendous *bouquet* (combining all the sweets of Covent Garden) just under his nose, is—need we say it?—Boxer, the coachman.

It hath been remarked by a witty Frenchman, that only three dignitaries in England are allowed to wear official wigs—the Lord Chief Justice, the bishops, and the State Coachman. He traces, from that coincidence, a curious analogy between the Box and the Bench, which extends also to him who holds the reins of justice and that dignitary who merely fingers “the ribbons” of a State Coach. The accuracy of the Frenchman is, as usual, at fault; but of his acuteness there can be no reasonable doubt.



MR. BOXER.

(From the portrait by Grant.)

Mr. Boxer married, when far advanced in life, Mrs. Sweet-

\* The Editor of the C. B. of B. warns the reader that this paper is *not* included in the recently published Miscellanies by the author whose name bears.

bread, the cook in a family of which he formed part. Mrs. Sweetbread's father, and we believe grandfather, were respectably connected, and engaged in the honest occupation of selling coals and potatoes. Being of an ambitious turn, Mrs. Sweetbread's mother determined that she should rise in life, and apprenticed her to M. Sibillant, the *chef* of the Bon-bouche Club. The young lady prospered so well in her profession, that in a short time she was quite lifted above the "spear," as she calls it—the spear of life of such miserable people as governesses, companions, tutors, and even some curates, for her yearly salary was considerably more in amount than theirs. Notwithstanding this superiority of position, the cook, with a humility which cannot be too much praised, did not entirely look down upon such low and unfortunate people, but treated them with a kindness and a condescension which all would do well to imitate.

"I am makin'," she would say, "I am makin' this 'ere bread-puddin' for Miss Nickleby, the guv'ness. Now, mind you, Spenser, take it upstairs to the schoolroom, and giv' it her with my complemens; and tell her to eat it up at once, *for she looks half-starved*. It will do her good; and, I'll warrant, *she don't get such things as them in the place where she comes from*."

It may appear strange, but it is certain, that Miss Nickleby did not appreciate the compliment, and let the pudding remain untouched. Kind-hearted Mrs. Sweetbread, who was at the time a widow, and whose heart was always open to the woes of others, was highly incensed at such conduct. The *spreta injuria formæ* was nothing to the insult. Her cookery had been, to a certain extent, looked down upon; and she never forgave Miss Nickleby, and always declared that the unfortunate Lord Frederick Verisopht, who fell in a duel arising from a quarrel in a gambling-house, was shot through her. "A stuck-up minx!" she cried. "Well! some people are proud—proud with an empty stomach; but none such for me. I would only snap my fingers at them."

It was this kindness of heart and "proper pride" which attracted Mr. Boxer's attention. Some ill-natured persons have asserted that he found also an incentive in the little property

which Mrs. Sweetbread had in what she called the "funs." The attraction lay somewhere; and in a short time Mr. Boxer led the lovely and accomplished widow to that which he denominated the "high menial halter." They were married with very little pomp and display, and with that modesty and quietness which so "wholesomely distinguishes," to borrow the language of the *Court Journal*, "persons of their very elevated tastes and stations." The wedding breakfast was laid at the "Wheel of Fortune Tavern," then kept by no less an individual than the celebrated Jeames Plush, who, after his unfortunate speculations, had, as it may be remembered, retired to that "snug affair." As the family of the Silver-spoons, in the august service of which both of the contracting parties were engaged, were on the continent, the bride and bridegroom retired at once to the privacy of Greenwich, Gravesend, Herne Bay, and various other fashionable resorts, which they visited during their wedding trip.



Mrs. SWEETBREAD.  
(From the miniature by Ross.)

It was in the neighbourhood of one of these watering places—in fact, at Rosherville—that Mrs. Boxer, *veuve* Sweetbread, met with that distinguished nobleman Baron Nathan, in whose breast it is said she kindled the flame of love. Upon the Baron discovering that the object of his devotion was married, he at once, with that regard for honour which distinguishes him, withdrew his attentions, but for months afterwards he was melancholy and *distrainé*. Twice it was, during the painful eradication of this passion, that the accomplished and hapless young nobleman, who is known to be one of the best dancers in Europe, slipped in his celebrated feat of dancing amongst four-and-twenty eggs, placed at regular distances, without breaking them.

As for Mrs. Boxer, she often reverts to these halcyon days. "Oh!" she says, "that Barren Nathen, wot a bootiful dancer he was, to be sure. He must be gettin' hold now, and stiff on his

legs; but when we was first married, Boxer, he was charmin'." To which panegyric Boxer, who is of a sedate and solemn nature, not easily moved to jealousy, replies by a quiet puff from his pipe.

The heir to the house of Boxer is one who unites the charms of his mother to the wisdom, astuteness, and gravity of his father. He is destined to serve the aristocracy in another sphere; nor, although he is heir apparent, is there at present any presumption that he will "sit in the seat of his fathers." William, or Bill Boxer, an intelligent, though fat, youth of sixteen, is at present page to Lady Tarradiddle, and in that capacity has hitherto gained much honour and praise. He does not bear his



"FORTESCUE."  
(From the portrait by Chalons.)

own name, being called by her ladyship "Fortescue." He has ever shown a great aptitude for service, always looking out for perquisites, veils, and other *honoraria* peculiar to his tribe, and being excessively civil to the tradesmen during the advent of that season in which Christmas boxes are presented.

The ambition of Mr. Fortescue Boxer is at present to be footman out of livery in the Silverspoon family. He is of an ingenious disposition, and does not admire that which is his father's pride—the uniform of that noble family. He calls it a livery, and a footman he dubs "a flunkey." Like Lord George Manners, he reverts to the glories of bygone days, when the gentleman's gentlemen of London had a portion of the theatre reserved for them, and gave laws to managers, and condemned or applauded the works of the poor wretches of authors who were at their mercy. "Ah, that was the time!" says Fortescue. "Duchesses and ladies of title used to marry their footmen then; but now—I'm blest if I wouldn't rather be a Militia Capting!"

Such an idea his judicious mother has scouted as low and vulgar; but she knows too well how weak is the judgment, and

how strong the prejudice, of youth. In a few short years the "bounding ambition, which doth o'erleap itself," of Fortescue Boxer, will be faded and outgrown, and he will have gained wisdom, and be content to wear the splendid uniform of the Silver-spoons. He may perhaps fill the seat of his father; and, if so, how much, O reader! is he to be envied; for how far better and greater is the position of such people, a sketch of whom our humble pen has been employed in attempting, than the struggling author or artist, who can never hope to wear purple and fine linen like Mr. Boxer, nor to feast perpetually upon the good things of this life like the lady to whom he is, both in this sketch and in wedlock, united.

J. H. F.

## CHARADE.



OR beauty, radiant as the sun,  
 How many a man my first has  
     done,  
 And on Love's pleasures reckoned,  
 Who, when the wished-for prize  
     was won,  
 Has only been my second.  
 My whole, with dainties often  
     crown'd,  
 In every dining-room is found.

W. M.

## AD ALIQUAM.

BY R. MONKTON MILLS, ESQ., M.P.,

Author of "Bay Leaves," &amp;c., &amp;c.

THERE was a lovely rose, that grew  
 Upon a young and budding tree,  
 As fair and sweet as though it knew  
 That it was destined, love, for thee;  
 And so I pluck'd it then with care—  
 Fair ornament for one more fair.

When thus complain'd th' offended flower—  
 "How could you tear me thus away  
 From that delightful, sunny bower,  
 Where, soft and warm, in bliss I lay,  
 To banish me, perchance, where I  
 May droop unseen—uncared-for ~~die~~?"

But when you, love, the rose ~~possess~~,  
 With feelings of regard imbued,  
 You placed it on your tender breast,  
 A mark of fond solicitude.  
 And then, at last, delighted grown,  
 The blushing flower was proud to own

That summer rays from sunny skies  
 Ne'er had imparted joy so sweet,  
 As those bright glances from the eyes  
 That sunn'd it in its warm retreat;  
 And never yet did any rose  
 Upon so soft a couch repose.

Oh! if you can such fondness show  
 To that which shows you no concern,  
 At least an equal love bestow  
 On one who *will* your love return.  
 Oh! let me to your heart repair,  
 And, like the rose, lie fondly there.

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## THE HOUR OF LOVE.

BY B. SIMMONDS, ESQ.

"'Tis the hour of love!"—*Don Juan, Canto iii.*

We met! 'twas at that sweet, bewitching hour  
 That "wakes the wish and melts the heart"—the time  
 Of tender twilight's all-subduing power.  
 We stood upon a terrace, 'neath a bower  
 Framed by the pendant branches of a lime;  
 The stars were brightening the heaven's blue,  
 And heralding their white-zoned queen, the moon;  
 And all was silent, save the stock-dove's coo.  
 As slowly on we wandered side by side,  
 Glazing upon her lips, I said, and sighed,  
 "Of one sweet kiss I crave, dear love, the boon!"  
 She, blushing, laughed; and I then sought to seize  
 The fragrant sweets; but, as I kiss'd, I cried,  
 "Confound the girl! she's sucked off toasted cheese!"

## THE BABY WIFE.

BY MRS. GRAYLING,

Authoress of "The Gambler's Grandmother," "The Cantatrice," &c., &c.

"*Che voce divina!*" murmured a tall and exceedingly handsome young man, in the sweet accents of the sunny South.

"Her voice is indeed superb!" rejoined his companion, with unconcealed admiration.

"She sings like an angel from heaven!" said the first, warming with his subject, and speaking with the confidence of youth.

"Or, rather, like a nightingale upon the earth!" answered the other, with a merry laugh; "and, by Jove, *mon cher* Alvanley," he added, "I think that you would have no objection to cage that same pretty little singing-bird. *Est-il si?*?"

Sir Marmaduke Bellefleur received no reply to his question, for the young Lord Alvanley had already turned away, and had approached the lovely being whose melodious voice had so enraptured his soul, and was fixing his whole gaze on the fine play of her animated countenance. But it is time that the reader should be acquainted with the sweet creature whose fascinations so engrossed the excellent young nobleman's attention.

Though *petite*, yet this lovely being's figure was well developed, and most admirably proportioned. It was displayed to the fullest perfection by a most becoming dress of soft white crape, most gracefully trimmed, and worn over a rich satin petticoat. Her fair skin, of a pearly white, showed off the rich damask with which her cheeks were flushed to the brightest carnation by the exertion of singing. This gave an added brilliancy to her complexion, and such a lustre to her sparkling eyes, that their splendour appeared to be almost inconceivable. Her magnificent black hair was arranged in the prevailing fashion with the most unsummate taste; and the sole ornaments upon her lovely per-

son were some massive golden bracelets, and delicate cameos, with a single *bouquet* of bright geraniums. Her attitude at the harp not only displayed to perfection the faultless symmetry of her rounded arms and youthful figure, but also allowed a peep at a foot that could have stepped into Cinderella's slipper. Her countenance had an expression of high-breeding, and, at the same time, was full of cheerfulness and affability.

This sweet young creature was the Lady Adela Stilton, the sole and beloved daughter of the excellent and noble Earl of Cheshire. She was but seventeen—that enchanting age of innocence and grace, that gave the bewitching air of virgin modesty to her every look and action.

The amiable Lord Alvanley was but two years her senior, of a family equally excellent and noble as her own. He too was handsome—strikingly so; and there was that indescribable fascination and grace in his appearance and manner, that is so peculiar to the aristocracy of this favoured land. He was a college friend, at Christchurch, Oxford, with the youthful Lord Chedder, the beloved and only brother of the sweet Lady Adela. By him he had been introduced to this charming young lady, whose beauty and amiability had created the most vivid sensation in his breast. From henceforth,

“There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him. . . .  
. . . . . She was his life;  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all!”

He anxiously looked forward to the day when he should be enabled to ask the excellent Earl of Cheshire to bestow upon him the priceless gift of the hand of his sweet daughter.

Lord Alvanley gracefully and noiselessly advanced over the yielding Axminster carpet, and stood before the noble young lady.

“Might I ask the name of the song, Lady Adela?” he inquired in tones that spoke too plainly the feelings of his heart.

“It is from *Lucrezia Borgia*,” she said. “*Come è bello.*”

“I remember,” he replied; “we heard it together. Grisi sang it.”

"She did!" she murmured; and her lovely eyes suffused with tears. Ah! why did she weep?

But there are dormant fires lurking in the inmost recesses of the female bosom, and, when these are once kindled, they become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects.

The noble and excellent young man respected the sweet girl's emotions, and silently withdrew.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two months after this, there was a marriage party gathered together at the fashionable Church of St. George's, Hanover Square. It was to celebrate the union of Lord Albanley with the Lady Adela Stilton. The excellent young nobleman had wooed and won; and the sweet creature who had captivated his heart was now his BABY WIFE.

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## S P R I N G .

BY DR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?

In Spring, which of Youth is the type,  
How fondly we Happiness hug,  
When the Bullfinch draws near with his pipe,  
And the Nightingale comes with his jug.

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### ALDERMAN GOBBLE IN THE BUZZIM OF HIS FAMILY.

*Alderman G.*—"WHAT'S THAT, HEM'LY? READ THAT AGAIN, MY DEAR!"

*Emily.*—"BY A WONDERFUL PROVISION OF NATURE, THE CAMEL IS ENABLED TO TAKE IN A GREAT SUPPLY OF FOOD, HAVING BEEN SUPPLIED FOR THAT PURPOSE WITH THREE STOMACHS."

*Alderman G.*—"WONDERFUL PROVISION OF NATURE? I SHOULD JUST THINK IT WAS. THREE STOMACHS? I WISH I WAS A CAMEL!"

# THE TYRANT FASHION AND ALAMODE HIS WIFE;

OR, DRESS AND REDRESS.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

IN NINE BRIEF CHAPTERS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.,  
Author of "Verdant Green," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WHICH IS HISTORICAL AND INTRODUCTORY.



**K**ING FASHION has ever been a tyrant, and Alamode his wife has been his worthy partner. They began their reign long ago in early British times, when the only coats worn were coats of paint, and men and women appeared, like Christmas books do now-a-days, "bound in colours, with an illuminated frontispiece." Doubtless, even in those remote periods King Fashion dictated in what particular way his subjects should dye, while yet in their childhood, and how they should go forth with stains upon their characters while yet in their early innocence.

And when they came to change their bare skin costume for a bear-skin one, no doubt the old tyrant and his wife would ordain

how *embonpoint* damsels were to become skin-ny, and how sober men were to make beasts of themselves. But tyrants are ever capricious; and, before long, Fashion ordained that his subjects should lead a chequered existence in chequers of woollen cloth, and be galled with the stripes of the "garb of old Gaul." And from thence up to the present time the old tyrant, ever assisted by Alamode his wife, has continued to vex, harass, and hamper his subjects with perpetual vicissitudes.

In short, they have been sovereigns who have continually kept the people in change. Now and then a bold democrat lifts up his voice and protests against the tyranny, as Evelyn did when he wrote his "Tyrannus, or the Mode;" but the sovereign power is too strong for him, and the reign of Fashion and Alamode goes on as prosperously as before.

If the reflective reader will pause for a moment, and direct his mental vision to the dark ages in which Fashion exercised his tyranny in every cruel mode, we imagine that the reflective reader will be induced to perceive that Fashion's present *mode* is the *mode* of moderation. The reflective and intelligent reader will not refer this mental prospect to his own vile, chimney-petted, swallow-tailed self, but he will place the palm on the backs of those who can bear it better than himself.

*Place aux dames!* It is to the ladies that he will give all the honours; for, to say the truth, as far as *they* are concerned the tyrant Fashion is at present in his most amiable mood, and Alamode his wife has evidently increased in taste and judgment as well as in years. And now that she has dressed her lady subjects as near perfection as it is almost possible to attain, we beseech the worthy but fickle empress to rest satisfied and leave her lady subjects as they are.

As they are—that is, in their *tout ensemble*; for there are a few grievances of dress still left, and these we hope to see redressed. There are eight points in our Woman's Charter; on these let us ring a peal of warning to the belles of England.

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

## THE BONNETS OF BLUES AND PINKS OF FASHION.



O begin at once with the head and front of their offending—bonnets. “My love, she wears a bonnet, a bonnet, a bonnet;” but what a bonnet! I am not surprised at the old farmer who saw some such fashionable bonnets in a milliner’s shop-window, and, deciding in his own mind that he would gratify his “missis” by taking her home a bit of new-fangled finery, walked into the shop and inquired of the astonished milliner, “What be the price o’ them *caps*?”

Usually speaking, ladies’ bonnets don’t run much in my head; but their fashion of late has been on the face of it so extremely apparent, that the attention of the most unmillinery of men could not but be drawn to it. If this late fashion should, during the present and future seasons, get “fine by degrees and beautifully less,” ladies will soon have no bonnets to their heads—a consummation which many husbands may, in their secret pockets, ’voutly wish for.

Or else the bonnets will become too small to be worn with safety, and will have to be carried in the hand, like the cap of a Christ’s Hospital boy. What a pity it is that the tyrant Fashion—or, at any rate, Alamode his wife—would not echo Hamlet’s advice to the fop Osric, and say to every lady subject, “Your bonnet to its right use: ’tis for the head!” On this head much might be said.

Already the bonnets have become useless in benefiting the complexion—a delicate matter, on which ladies generally take a pride to bloom themselves—but leave it open to the attacks of freckles, and all those other sun-dry visitations to which flesh—

in the dog-days more especially—is heir to, and for the removal of which Rowlands' Kalydor\* so benevolently maintains its existence.

If it were not for the friendly defence of parasols, many a pair of souls would ere now have been fairly fried by a *coup de soleil*, that most terrible *coup d'état*; for the ladies push their bonnets so far back that they leave their hair apparent to the sun, who finds their crowns to be nothing but "tanners." Bonnets have



"Look on this picture—



and on this"

now shrunk into the other extreme from the long pokes of George the Magnificent, in the recesses of which the curious spectator might, with some ingenuity, have discovered the human face divine. But at least we may congratulate ourselves that, when compared with that odious living entombment, the more modern fashion undoubtedly bares the belle.

### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

#### IN WHICH THE HAIR IS HUNTED UP.

These are glorious times for women if the glory of a woman lies in her hair, for the most is now made of it. It is very true that the shape of the head is not lost sight of by any such hair-'em scare-'em absurdities as those which the tyrant Fashion, aided and abetted by Alamode his wife, once ordained should be piled up mountains high, and snowed over with powder, on the heads

\* N.B.—This puff has not been paid for.

of our unfortunate grandmothers, thereby converting them literally into great grandmothers.



Figures from our Grandfather's Book of Beauty.

Then, as far as her hair was concerned, a young lady might have been born an Albino; for it was no great advantage to her to possess

“Dark hair glossy as the raven's wing,”

when she had to convert it into white—a custom of civilisation worthy of ranking with the barbarous fashions chatted about by Dr. Doran, when Anglo-Saxon beauties dyed their locks blue, and the young ladies of Gaul dyed theirs red. There is no accounting for taste, and we do not know what we can like until we come to try it; but I trust that we shall not celebrate our alliance with France by dyeing young ladies' hair “red, white, and blue.” “Never say *dye*!” should be a motto held by ladies in every age, even in old age and gray hairs.

*Revenons à nos moutons*: let us go back to our grandmamas. The dimensions of the head-dress made them indeed *grandes dames*.

Then, they had the *toupées* to pay for, for it was false; and even now, in our own days, young ladies have had to put on false plaits, although these plaits did not come “off on a plat of rising ground,” as they did in those powdery mountains of Ayrshire to which reference has been made.

Now, this gives rise to an important question. Why did the tyrant Fashion, and Alamode his wife, compel an innocent and artless girl—who, though an heiress, might yet be hairless—to deceive society by fixing on to the back of her head, one, two,

three, ay, and sometimes even four, hairy cables of falseness? thereby making this artless girl become an artful imposer upon the credulity of that society into the bosom of which she had been admitted; and embittering her otherwise happy hours by the dreadful uncertainty that, in the next polka or waltz, she might, like a moulting love-bird, leave one or more of her tails upon the ball-room floor, there to be basely trodden under foot of men.



HAIR FASHIONS.

A vulgar enquiry—"Which of them 'ere fashions do you like the best?"

Why was every young lady who was physically unable to

"Shower her rippled ringlets to her knee,"

like Tennyson's *Gediva*, or the ideal fair one of *Macassar Rowland*\*—why was every such lady forced by tyrant Fashion, and Alamode his wife, to become, as it were, a very bashaw of three (or even more) tails? and thus, through any *contretemps*, made liable to unfold those tails at unlooked-for times, for the public gibe and scoff; or, even at the best, to turn herself into a walking wig-block?

Must a young lady endure this, because the tyrant and his wife tell her that she must either bring a plait of hair round the top of her head, thereby forming a very tempting enclosure, or platter, into which Jeames, in a moment of delirium, may overturn the calves'-foot jelly; or else, that she must dress her "back hair" in looped-up *bandeaux*, or in treble plaits of formidable club-like length? Is a young lady to be called a giddy, hair

\* For this second puff, we shall become a little tart, unless we are constantly (and gratuitously) supplied with

"Thine incomparable oil, *Macassar*." (Ahem! Byron.)

brained thing for ever? Must her strength lie, like Sampson's, in her hair? and is all her fame to depend, like Mr. Chubb's, on her locks? We trust not.

The hair may have many friends, but they won't save it from condemnation when it pretends to be what it is not. You may coil your false back hair over the fronts of your heads if you please, young ladies; but it is bad policy in you to seek to coil round our hearts by deception.

As for the present rolled *bandeaux* style, it is so artistically effective and gracefully simple, and, withal, must give such a small amount of trouble, that it is to be hoped it may long flourish and abound, until superseded by some fashion which may be yet more becoming, if that be possible. Its little deceptions—its “frizzettes, rouleaux, and frizzed hair-



A modern beauty giving herself hairs.

rollers, to imitate the natural colour of the hair”—must be passed over with leniency: when “out of sight” they should be “out of mind” also.

As for the new French styles: although Paris once, in mythologic days, was chosen to award the prize of beauty, and though the modern Paris has again awarded the prize to its own beautiful Empress, yet I must offer my humble but energetic protest against the adoption by English young ladies of such styles of female hair-dressing as the *Impératrice*, *Marie Stuart*, and *Eugenie coiffures*, together with all those other pretty names which are devised to make an ugly fashion popular.

I won't mention your surname here, but I appeal to you, Jane —“*seu Jane libentius audis*”—I appeal to you, Janie, if the *Eugenie* style is becoming to you? Does your mirror (that never-flattering friend!) tell you that when you roll your hair from the forehead, or brush it straight over to the back of your head, you

look more captivating than you do when you leave it to take its natural course, sweeping down in waving bands from your brow, and leaving it marked out, as it were, the arch of the temple of Purity?

Does it not rather tell you that not your face (fair as it is), not one face in five hundred, could bear the trying ordeal of a fashion that reduces you to the likeness of Jenny Wren in the nursery song—a “bold-faced jig”? Are you aware that (on medical authority) “the set of the hair from the root to the point is governed by a law as precise as that which regulates any other of the secondary vital functions”? and would you wish that people should make their hairs to rebel against the laws by which they are governed?

Perhaps, Janie, you may have never heard or read (the axiom being so seldom mentioned or quoted) what the lamented Mrs. Glasse wrote, in her directions for the cookery of a certain savoury dish? She said, very wisely, “First catch your hare.” Now, if you do not alter your present *coiffure*, I will get a young artist of my acquaintance, not only to first sketch your hair, but afterwards to serve it up upon a plate for the amusement of the enlightened and the terror of the foolish.

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## CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

### WHEREBY HANGS A TALE.

In close dependence upon the previous subject of hair is that of streamers, both velvets and ribbons.

The tyrant Fashion, and Alamode his wife, like the mamma in Haydn's Canzonet, have bidden young ladies bind their hair with bands of rosy hue, and also tie up their sleeves with ribbons rare; moreover, to wear streamers of velvet from the hair and wrists, the said streamers and ribbons being (more or less) a yard in length. All who go with the stream of fashion must wear such streamers. What is the consequence? Allow me to answer the

question; gentle reader, by conveying you (in an imaginative chariot drawn by posters of the sky and air) to our county assembly.

I am dancing with the Hon. Miss Roulette, Lord Rocey's eldest daughter. It is the *valse à deux temps*: Mr. Dukimer's quadrille band ("from London") is playing the *Prima Donna*; and, as Miss Roulette is a tolerably energetic dancer, we are revolving at some degree of speed. Of course her ribbons and streamers are

"Streaming like meteors on the troubled"

hair, like the grey beard of Gray's "Bard;" and the circle thus described by our gyrations is probably, including my own coat tails, some five feet in diameter.



COMET FASHIONS.

There are a great number of couples, I don't know how many; they "come like shadows, so depart," before there is time to count them; but ribbons and streamers are flying and mingling on all sides.

Just when the pace is beginning to get desperate, and while I am twirling Miss Roulette like any teetotum, I feel a sudden pull on my shoulder, I hear a slight scream, and I see—gracious powers! what do I see? A sight that immediately brings me to a standstill and an apology.

Miss Fanny Flashington, in dishevelled distress, and wearing a look which tells me that she could do me some bodily injury!

But what can I do? How could I help it? If she *will* wear plaits of false hair, and do them up with long streamers of pink ribbon, which streamers, in the intricacies of the *deux temps*, are momentarily detained between my own and my partner's shoulder; and thereby severely tugged, in consequence of their proprietor revolving in an opposite direction—what other result could possibly be expected than that which has occurred?—the immediate

abstraction of the streamers, with Miss Fanny Flashington's three false plaits of hair fastened thereto.

Miss Flashington! the fault is not mine. And if it is not yours, why then the tyrant Fashion and Alamode his wife must answer for it.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

WHICH IS CONDEMNATORY OF A VERY LOW HANT.

Are the tyrant and his wife taking young ladies back to the younger days of their mothers in the court of the first gentleman in Europe? or to still earlier times, when the Hampton Court beauties "lived and loved," but did not blush? It seems like it.

A lady's full dress, *i.e.*, a low dress, is gradually falling away



Extracts from the Book of Beauty of the First Gentleman in Europe.

from the shoulders, as though the tyrant Fashion had brought ladies out on parade, and had given them the command to "Shoulder arms! present arms!" and ladies' busts now stand forth *sans armour*, as though they would win, like a high-mettled racer, by a neck.

The power as well as the tyranny of Fashion is perhaps more strongly than in any other way demonstrated by deciding on the exact bounds of decency and modesty in female costume. At one period, and in one country, a lady may charm the beholder with a considerable display of her lower limbs; at another period, and in another country, she must shroud them in impenetrable mystery; nay, even in some extreme cases (*e.g.*, "the Queen of Spain

has no legs") she must, by an innocent fiction, dispense with them altogether. From the time of the ancient Britons until the reign of Henry the Eighth, it would have been considered the height of impropriety for any lady to appear in public with bare arms; while the showing of any portion of the neck or bosom was a breach of decency which none probably even dreamt of committing.

But "*tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*," as members of Parliament say. We are able (happily) to look on these things now with different eyes, and we do not consider the unveiling of the feminine neck as a breach of feminine decorum. Perhaps they think differently in America, for Mrs. Beecher Stowe records, as one of her "*Sunny Memories*" of England, that "full dress" meant the wearing of a dress that displayed a considerable portion of the bust. The fashion appears to have been a new one to Mrs. Stowe, and she appears to have admired it; and certainly all must follow her example so long as the fashion is kept within the bounds of moderation.\*

Queen Elizabeth, though a noted flirt, is generally thought to have been a bit of a prude; and yet it is an historical fact that the first person (since the time of the ancient Britons) who partially uncovered her neck and bosom in public was the Virgin Queen. She, however, made a compromise with (what was then thought to be) decency, by wearing the enormous ruff which will ever be associated with her name.

When we look back from this Elizabethan ruff to the unbosomed freedom which distinguished the ladies of the court of Charles the Second, oh, my friends, what a falling off was there! Never may the day return when the starched ruff next to the neck may ruffle the spirit of the fair wearers; but if the present falling off in evening dresses should continue as it has begun,

\* "The ladies were in full dress, which here in England means always a dress which exposes the neck and shoulders. This requirement seems to be universal, since ladies of all ages conform to it. It may, perhaps, account for this custom to say that the bust of an English lady is seldom otherwise than fine, and develops a full outline at what we should call quite an advanced period of life."—*Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories," Letter XIII.*

may we not expect some "Nonconformist Divine" will issue, as he did in the Merry Monarch's days, "a Just and Seasonable Reprehension of ye Enormitie of Naked Breasts and Shoulders"?

The Horse Guards, it is understood, are about to leave off their breastplates. Is it because the ladies have set them the example?

## CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

### WHEREBY HANG SLEEVES.

The tyrant Fashion, and Alamode his wife, acting, most probably, under the direction of a skilful artist, have invented a fashion of sleeves which are picturesque but inconvenient, and decidedly more ornamental than useful.

They are not quite so long as the ladies' sleeves of Henry the First's time, which had to be buckled up to avoid being trodden on, nor yet are they as long as those tabard sleeves which the



"What's this? a sleeve?"—*Taming o the Shrew*, iv. 3.

tyrant Fashion condemned ladies to wear in the reign of the fifth Harry, nor yet are they similar to the "long hanging sleeves" which the old song tells us "Arthur first in court began to wear." But yet they are long enough to be in the way.

My particular friend, Helen Gush, appears at breakfast in one of the very prettiest morning *négligé* costumes that the brain of milliner ever conceived. It opens round the neck and shows little lace frills, and lawn that rivals in whiteness the snowy neck that rises from it like a graceful tower: it is loose and easy, and yet it as clearly reveals the figure as though it were drawn

tightly to the bust, like the marble dress of a sculptured lady, or the wet bathing-gown of a live lady. And then the sleeves are the prettiest things in the world. I can't describe them; but they are beautifully tight about the shoulders, so as to show their graceful droop, and the round, fleshy marvels of the arm; and then they fall into wide openings—I think that I once heard her call them “pagoda” sleeves, but the term seems so incomprehensible that I am afraid she must have been hoaxing me—and frillings and puffings of lace peep out and hang around, and just allow you to have an idea what a beautiful arm Helen Gush has.

Well, all this is very charming, and particularly pleasing to an artistic eye. But at breakfast Helen always takes the foot of the table and presides over the coffee, and the following is her method of performing her duties.

In her right hand she takes the silver coffee-pot, and with her left hand she holds up the sleeve and frilleries of her right arm, to prevent the lace from acquiring the aspect and reputation of old family lace by being dipped in the coffee-cups. But even this is not enough to protect her property from immersion or from overturning the cups. Accordingly I, or some other equally distinguished individual who may happen to be her left-hand neighbour, hold up the sleeve and frilleries of her left arm, the while she does the same office with her right arm. A chain of precaution is thus formed, and, with some little difficulty, Helen proceeds to pour out the *café au lait*, or *cabriolet*, as their dreadful man calls it.

Sleight of hand of a somewhat similar description has to be gone through when Helen re-appears at the family dinner, in a dress with sleeves of the like fashion; and sometimes all her care will not prevent them from forming a passing acquaintance with the soup or the gravy, or from spilling the salt in a way of which she professes to entertain a superstitious horror.

Helen certainly looks very pretty in these sleeves, and I must confess that their shape is extremely becoming; and yet I think it a pity that the useful and ornamental cannot be more skilfully combined. At any rate, we have to congratulate our organs of vision that they are spared the sight of those “leg-of-mutton

sleeves," and other monstrous absurdities, which some of us can remember.

Let us be thankful that full sleeves are now only worn by our bishops—and other old ladies.

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## CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

WHICH IS NO FRIEND AT A PINCH.

Surely the tyranny of Fashion and Alamode his wife was never exercised more visibly and painfully than in the compression which it has entailed on the waists of too many young ladies. As early as the year 1300, a poet lifted up his voice against its injurious effects; and now, after the enlightenment of more than five hundred years, the medical writer is forced to exclaim—"Stays before womanhood are instruments of barbarity and torture, and then they are needed only to give beauty to the chest."

But "Fashion is the war-cry of Tyranny;" and while young ladies echo it, so long will their eyes be closed to the ineffective state of their hearts' citadel, and the necessity of enlarging the waist places thereof.

There is a most praiseworthy society called "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Could there not be formed a similarly-constituted society for the prevention of cruelty to women, whose end and aim should be the suppression of tight-lacing? Or does this subject already come within the scope of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice"? We know what the *vice* is: it is an instrument of compression; and what is a young lady's corset but the same thing? The suppression of this vice, therefore, is the very thing for which the society should make strenuous exertions.

Let them have a series of fearful diagrams of the natural form of the chest, and of its artificial form when distorted by Fashion; together with representations in outline of the *Venus de Medici*, and the modern Belgravian Venus; and let these be distributed in society, together with forcibly but plainly written tracts in which young ladies might be shown the error of their ways and waists.

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We thought that the strait-laced age had gone by with the Puritans; why does it make its stay with us? Why does it put young ladies into a defensive armour of steel and whalebone? Why must their "winsome marrows" be ordered by the post to "busk ye, busk ye"?

Of what shape, young ladies, do you suppose that Nature intended your waists to be? Round, or slightly flattened? And yet, no turner could have turned you out with waists more mathematically circular. Do you suppose that (even at the bidding of the tyrant Fashion) you can improve *any* work of Nature?—much more, its most perfect and harmoniously constructed work, the female figure, whose every line is the line of beauty and grace? And yet you blindly seek to perfect this perfection, by compressing the body in one of its most vital parts; marking out for yourselves a standard of beauty, which may be that of art, but is decidedly not that of nature.\*

It is a well-known fact that deaths have occurred from over-

\* Professor Wilson, in the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," thus discourses of pinched waists and bony ankles:—

"*North*.—'Besides, James, it is altogether a mistake to think that thinness is necessarily neatness in an ankle. An ankle ought not on any account to be either thick or thin, but of a moderate roundness: any approach to the bony, or what you would call the "skranky," is death to my *devoirs*. Many elderly-young ladies are partial to short petticoats, on the score of their thin, bony, skranky ankles, which they stick out upon the public like sheep's trotters. Commend me, James, to a slim rotundity which long-fingered Jack could span—and scarcely span. Such an ankle, in the words of Burns, betrays fair proportion. The skranky ankle bespeaks skranky neck and bosom, James, and'—"

"*Shepherd*.—'There's nae enduring them. I alloo that lassies should aye be something sonsie.'

"*North*.—'So with waists. Women are not wasps.'

"*Shepherd*.—'I'm no just quite sae sure aboot that, sir; but I agree wi' you in dislikin' the wasp-waist. You wunner what they do wi' their vittals. They canna be healthy—and you'll generally observe that siclike hae gey yellow faces, as if something were wrang wi' their stomach. There should be moderation in a' things. A waist's for puttin' your arm round, and no for spannin' wi' your hauns—except it be some fairy o' that cretur that's no made to be married, but just to wonder at, and aiblins admire, as you wad a bonny she-dwarf at a show. There should aye be some teer and weer aboot a lassie that's meant for domestic life.'"

lacing, the corset including the corse: but, even at the best, what are its effects? Indigestion, redness of the nose and fingers, largeness of the hands and feet; for Nature, if you *lace-rate* her feelings, is sure to be revenged. Too many young ladies are *waisting* away by this tight lacing: for the consequent compression of the muscles induces atrophy—i.e., a wasting of its powers of nutrition.

“Alas!” says the author of “Childe Harold,”

“Alas! our young affections run to *waist*,”

(it is printed “waste,” but this is evidently an error;) and how have those waists trifled with our affections from the days of Edward the Fourth, when first we read of the bodice, or rather “a pair of bodies,”\* even to the present hour! To think, too, how those poor waists have been driven about from one part of the body to another! Here they’ve gone up, up, up; and there they’ve gone down, down, down. Ladies in one reign never knew, with any degree of certainty, where their waists would be in the next. In the days of Elizabeth it was down at the hips; in the days of our mothers it had risen up to the armpits; in the days of their daughters it has gone down to the happy medium, to the region where Nature placed it.

Where let it remain, young ladies; but treat it well: don’t pull it about, and squeeze it out of shape. You will eat, move, dance, and exist all the better; you will live all the longer; and, when you call a Chinese young lady an unenlightened barbarian because she makes her feet smaller than Nature intended them,



“Alas! our young affections run to waist!”—BYRON.

\* *Corps*: Anglice, “corset.”

why then the unenlightened barbarian will be unable to give you a Roland for your Oliver.

## CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

WHICH IS ALL ABOUT DRAGGLE-TAILS.

Every one will remember the rebellion raised against the tyranny of Fashion, and Alamode his wife, by "Mrs. Colonel" Bloomer; and the Dexter-ous way in which Mrs. Colonel and her aide-de-camp, Mrs. Dexter, endeavoured to reduce the dress of a lady to the length of that of the old lady Cut-shorter in the nursery song, whose petticoats (we are informed upon authority) were cut short even to her knees. The rebellion failed, as it deserved; and Mrs. Colonel Bloomer was obliged to remove her *pantalettes* to her native country.

But though she met (in this country, at least) with nothing but "chaff," there was yet a grain of good corn in her "mission." Her rebellion was a protest against draggle-tails.

When a lady flounces\* up Regent Street, of a summer's morning, her dress sweeps the pavement, and raises a cloud of dust. When she crosses the street on a winter's day, she sweeps the mud, and leaves a clean path behind her. So effectual had the female dress become for the cleaning of the metropolis, that it was at one time contemplated to clothe the street orderlies in a series of flounces, and thus convert them (like under-graduates) into gownsmen. No road-scrapers or brooms would have been required; their promenade up and down the streets would have been amply sufficient.

It is not every lady who can afford to keep her carriage: it is

\* The Ettrick Shepherd is thus made to discourse on flounces, in one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* :—

"What's mair ridiculous than sax tier of flounces on the tail o' the gown o' a bit fat, dumpy cretur, wi' unco short legs, and stickin' out geyan sair both before and behin', beside a tall, straught, elegant lassie, who bears along her flounces as gloriously as the rising morning trails her clouds among the dews on the mountain-taps!"

not every lady who can afford to constantly hire one. Look at one of these chariotless ones, as she essays to cross the street on a wet day. What a gathering up of garments is there! what a revelation of the internal economy of the feminine wardrobe! what a display of stockings, and the limbs they cover! But the umbrella has to be cared for: like the rustic young lady mentioned by Cowper,

“Her train and her umbrella's all her care;”

and in the excusable agitation of the moment, the train is generally lost, and falls to the ground. Other ladies of stronger intellect boldly sweep on through the mud; for, in the long run—or rather in the long walk—and in the long dress, it little matters their taking precautions; the mud is sure to cleave to them at last.

But, under the present dispensation of King Fashion and Alamode, what an amount of mud and dust must yearly be accumulated in the ladies' dresses. The quantity swept up about their stockings would make the stock-in-trade of a regular dust-man. Do they shake it out, or wash it off, when they get home? or is it left to accumulate, by in-dust-ry, into a sort of savings' bank?

Truly, the ladies of this Victorian era do not seem to have advanced further in this matter than the ladies of the thirteenth century, whom a writer of that day compares to magpies, “because,” says he, “ye pies have longe tailes that traile in ye dyrte.” They were dirt pies, in fact; and we know that it is a pastime with children to make dirt pies, even now. Perhaps that may



THE AGE OF PROGRESS.  
“Her train and umbrella all her care.”—  
COWPER. *The Task*, Book iv.

be the reason why their mammas so kindly provide within their dresses the necessary stock of dirt for in-door amusement. And, when they sweep through the parks on foot, it is, probably, that they may collect on the fringe of their trailing shawls the fallen leaves, and other botanical specimens, for their children's educational improvement.

## CHAPTER THE NINTH.

WHICH ENDS THE TALE ALL IN A BUSTLE.

I approach this portion of my subject with a feeling akin to awe. Like the noble poet,

"I for one venerate a petticoat—  
A garment of mystical sublimity,  
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity ;"

or white, or black, or even scarlet of the latest fashion ; yet still I must make bold to say a few words on this delicate point.

This go-ahead age is not only an age of activity to the men, but it is also an age of bustle to the ladies. The reign of the Venuses of antiquity is over ; now is the time for savage beauties—Astecks, Zulus, Bojes(wo)men, Earth(wo)men—and the Hot-tentot Venus has risen to the ascendant. Sinking before the utilitarianism of the times, charms are now getting backward, and growing into arrear ; and in the lessons of practical geography now learnt by young ladies, capes and promontories receive the most attention.

It is related by Mr. Planché, that "when Sir Peter Wych was sent ambassador to the Grand Seignior from James I., his lady accompanied him to Constantinople ; and the Sultanness, having heard much of her, desired to see her, whereupon Lady Wych, attended by her waiting-women, all of them dressed in their great vardingales (which was the Court dress of the English ladies at that time), waited upon her Highness. The Sultanness received her visitor with great respect ; but, struck with the extraordinary extensions of the hips of the whole party, seriously

inquired if that shape was peculiar to the natural formation of English women; and Lady Wych was obliged to explain the



"Lessons in Practical Geography."  
*Capes and Promontories.*

whole mystery of the dress, in order to convince her that she and her companions were not really so deformed as they appeared to be." This Wych-ery of costume re-appeared (for the most part) in the "pocket hoops" of seventy years ago, of which the humorist drew a sectional sketch, placing it side by side with the back view of a donkey laden with panniers.

Any of my readers who may, in a moment of repented economy, have travelled by the North Western Railway, in one of those dreadful second-class carriages which the parsimony of the directors has converted into advertising vans, may have had, staring them in the face, all the way from London to Birmingham, a placard which bore in large letters the mysterious words, "The Chevalier Claussen's petticoats."

Whether or no the Chevalier is in the habit of wearing the petticoats himself, I know not: if so, they are, probably, the kilted Scotch petticoats, like those worn by *the* Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward. I incline to the belief, however, that the Chevalier holds some office under petticoat government, and that the placard is addressed to the female sex.

I have been informed that petticoats are sometimes furnished with air-tubes; so that the blowing up of her mistress would now be one of the duties of a lady's-maid, and not her off-duty relaxation. In short, now-a-days, young ladies walk about, as old Æolus did, with the wind shut up in bags; and I only wonder that, after having made such balloons of themselves, they are not sometimes carried into the air. It would be a proper punishment for their levity.

Indeed, when I was at Mrs. Madder Brown's the other evening, and was listening to Miss Hyacinth Brown singing "The Spirit of Air," I could not help thinking how appropriate the song was to the singer; she being, at the time, in a perfect balloon of a dress, into which several yards of air-tubing were, I have no doubt, inserted.

What with crinoline, stiff petticoats, and—their appendages, the tyrant Fashion, and Alamode his wife, have converted young ladies (in vulgar parlance) into great swells. Whether these petticoats, and their appendages, are filled with air or hair—whether they may be bran new, or all stuff, I know not, neither do I seek to know. It is declared on the authority of the Monk of Glastonbury, that the ladies of Edward the Third's time had "long fox tails sewed within their garments to hold them forth;" and the present composition of petticoats may, for aught that I know to the contrary, be equally extraordinary.

Indeed, I will lay bare my ignorance on this point by the confession of a momentous event in my personal career.

Not long since, an intimate friend of mine sailed for Australia—not at the expense of the Government. I was naturally desirous to make him a present of something that should be of real use to him, and, not knowing what to buy, I examined the shop-windows of London in order that a something should suggest itself. It did so; in a certain window of a certain shop in a certain street, I was struck by the appearance of what I imagined to be circular air-cushions, constructed to be worn round the body as life-preservers, in case of shipwreck.

Here, thought I, is something that might prove of real use to my friend. So, stepping into the shop, I inquired of an intel-

ligent young female, who presided at the counter, what might be the price of the life-preservers.

"The what, sir?" asked the intelligent young female.

"The life-preservers," I replied; "those things in the window—there," and I pointed to them.

"Oh! these?" said the intelligent young female, who had put on rather a puzzled expression: "they are" such a price.

I told her to reach one down, and she did so.

"I should like first to try it on," I said; for my friend and I were about the same size, and I thought it best to get a life-preserver that would fit close under his arms. "I should like to try it on. Could you be good enough to show me how it is worn?"

To my great surprise, the intelligent young female went very red in the face; said something that I could not comprehend; and, calling to a policeman who was passing the shop-door, gave me in charge for insulting her.

Gentle reader! thou who canst feel compassion for the cruel laceration of a modest and retiring nature, thou wilt divine the depth of my misery and confusion when I discovered that the air-cushion life-preserver was, in fact, one of those articles of feminine attire to which my innate delicacy prevents my further alluding, than as being, on the authority of a respected and aged Enigma, "a deal of Fiction founded on Fact."

And so ends the tale.

## ENGLISH CONVERSATION.

BY THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

To our talk of the weather we Englishmen keep,  
And follow each other's example, like sheep;  
For, I'd venture to say, if two sheep met together,  
Their dialogue chiefly would be of *the wether*.

## THE OTHER BED :

### A LEGEND OF PORTSMOUTH.

BY EDMUND H. YATES.

#### THE INTRODUCTION.

I stood, in Portsmouth, at the George Hotel,  
 A waiter and a boots on either side :  
 I turned me from the ancient fish-like smell  
 Wafted towards me from the ebbing tide.  
 Vainly to find amusement I had tried—  
 The Dock, the Fleet, the Victualling Yard had seen,  
 The Victory, and the spot where Nelson died ;  
 To an old tar I turned of honest mien,  
 I asked him how he fared ? he answered, " All serene ! "

Long conversation with this man I had ;  
 Much chaff, more wickedness, most slang he spoke ;  
 He said, that since a " kid " (he meant a " lad, ")  
 He'd been a reg'lar British " Heart of Oak, "  
 And sailed all round the world with Captain Cook,  
 And served in many a scrimmage, burst, and fight.  
 Much more he told me : many a song and joke ;  
 A legend, too, in which I took delight.  
 I'll tell it you : it served to pass my dreary night !

#### THE LEGEND.

Captain Augustus Herbert De Boots  
 Was a swell in Her Majesty's Guard ;  
 From the sole of his foot right up to the roots  
 Of his coal-black hair,  
 There was none to compare,  
 In feature, in stature, in grace, or in air,  
 Or that species of living which people call " hard, "  
 With Captain Augustus De Boots.

His chambers, which were in Pall Mall, were furnished in such  
 taste,  
 Such lavish liberality, some people called it waste;  
 The finest *dame Parisienne* his neat hind phaeton graced;  
 He played high at French hazard, and he hunted, shot, and raced—  
 Like a fine, young, dashing *militaire*,  
 One of the present time!

Though Pratt's and Limmer's give long ticks, they must be paid  
 at last,  
 And dunning notes, from every side, came pouring thick and  
 fast;  
 The heyday of prosperity with our young friend had passed,  
 And, thinking o'er his future fate, one day he stood aghast—  
 Did this fine, young, dashing *militaire*,  
 One of the present time!

For Levi and Moses,  
 (*Pronounced* in noses,)
 Who lived down in Houndsditch, that hotbed of roses,  
 Began to look nervous,  
 And talked about "service,"  
 A word which looks bad when connected with "process."  
 So he finally did, as most who in a shindy are,  
 Cut town, and exchanged to a *corps* then in India.

To Portsmouth he came on a dreary night  
 To sail from Spithead on the morrow;  
 Disheartened, fatigued, in a terrible fright,  
 Lest the Jews should get wind of his recent flight,  
 And seize what he'd managed to borrow,  
 To borrow,  
 And seize what he'd managed to borrow.

And round about the town he rode in search of some hotel;  
 He tried the noble and the grand, the dirty and the swell;

But high and low, and dear and cheap, gave but the same reply  
Of "Sorry, sir, we're very full : no corner for a fly !"  
Despairing, wretched, what to do he's not the least idea;  
At last he finds a tavern small, where sailors get their beer,  
The landlady of which consents to let him have a room  
Above the tap, secure from noise and vile tobacco's fume.  
Two beds, she says, it now contains; but he shall lie alone,  
No guest, she swears, shall be allowed to have the other one !

The bargain is struck ; to his chamber small  
The gay De Boots is led ;  
He looks at the closet, so dingy and tall,  
The curtains, the vallance that hangs like a pall,  
He peeps out of window ; but, chiefest of all,  
He looks at the *Other Bed* !

All right ! all right !

He is satisfied quite.

The other is empty, his own clean and white,  
And soon each one dwelling in that Portsmouth coffee-house  
Is embraced by old Murphy, more properly Morpheus.

Over the moss-grown garden wall,  
Over the crumbling convent tower,  
In the deep midnight's solemn hour  
The rays of the pallid moonlight fall !

They fall on the guard on yon castled height,  
And his arms and accoutrements glisten bright ;  
Brightly they shine through the murky gloom  
That envelopes the bed in that tavern room.  
And the captain awakes with a sudden start,  
And sits up in bed as upright as a dart.  
Can he trust his own eyes ? Does he see aright ?  
On the *Other Bed* falls the pale moonlight—  
There sits a form all clothed in white !

All clothed in white, save a bandage red  
Which envelopes its jaws and its bleeding head.



CAPTAIN DE BOOTS  
Is not at all alarmed.

The pillow, the sheets—nay, even the floor—  
Are besprinkled all over with spots of gore,  
Which lazily drip, o'er the sides of the bed,  
From a deep, deep wound in the victim's head !

Captain Augustus Herbert De Boots  
Takes one glance—'tis enough !—and at once he shoots  
His head beneath the bedclothes.  
I don't say he was frightened—'twould be unkind ;  
A braver and bolder you never would find  
'Mongst any of the " red clothes."

Brilliantly breaks the light of day  
O'er placid lake and castle grey,  
O'er lordly mansion, terraced wall ;  
The glorious rising sunbeams fall  
O'er haunts of infamy and ill,  
Which famished myriads choke and fill ;

O'er sleeping courtier, tiréd groom,  
 O'er the spent debauch and the sick man's room,  
 O'er ocean's broad waters, which sparkle and play  
 As they heave up their shoulders to catch the sun's ray.  
 Brilliantly breaks the light of day!

And Captain De Boots, he ~~opens~~ his eyes,  
 Yawns, stretches his ~~arms~~, and looks round with surprise  
 On the room which ~~meets his~~ glances.  
 Where is he? Oh, yas! he ~~has~~ an ideaw,  
 That horwid Spithead! how infernally queeaw!  
 He's had some bad d~~ream~~, but is not quite cleaw  
 As to what had filled his fancies.

Yes, yes; it must be that *Other Bed!*  
 The victim, the pillow, the bandage red—  
 The spot where the man with the bleeding head  
 Lay stretched at full length, all dying or dead.

He'll at once unmask the varments!  
 Emboldened by daylight, he made but one bound,  
 Tore back the white curtains at once, and found—  
 His own waistcoat, coat, and—*garments!*

Ay, the spots of gore,  
 That dripped on the floor,  
 Were red dots on a hankerchief—nothing more;  
 And, as for the man with his bleeding head,  
 About these 'tis better that little be said—  
 The Captain was *screwed* when he went to bed!

# TANCREDI; OR, THE NEW PARTY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. B. BENDIZZY, M.P.

## BOOK III.

### CHAPTER I.



ROOKES'S was in a valiant up-rear. The young Whig heroes were leaping upon the club-room tables, and delivering the most vehement invectives. The Reform party were rallying their forces from far and near; their paid agitators were daily haranguing to hoot-

ing mobs. The public journalists, who were under the control of the ministers, aided the popular excitement by "leaders" of a revolutionary tendency. Political agitation—which had been increased in its intensity and virulence during the last six weeks, by the knowledge that the Whigs had made advances from which they were unable to retreat—was now at its height. The members of the Lower House supported the Cabinet, from a sheer inability to better themselves, while those of the Upper House trampled on their hesitating opponents, who seemed to be scared at the unexpected consequences of their own headstrong timidity.

Political affairs, in fact, had reached their culminating point of excitement, and the country was anxiously looking to the Tories for its rescue from that Radical slough of despond into which it had been plunged by the temporary oblivion of those great Asian principles which, though local in their birth, yet are the embodiment of all popular necessities, and contain the germ of the best Venetian form of government. It was at this eventful crisis that those events occurred that have given being to my story.

In one of the gorgeous saloons that form so distinguishing a feature in the club-houses of the London of the nineteenth century, a knot of idlers had congregated to discuss the posture of public affairs. Beardless boys of Parliament were taking their cues from the big-whiskered fulminators of the House; while Progress-principles were held at the button-hole by Routine and Red-tape. It is surprising what persuasion can effect!

"Then what is the state of party, pray?" said young Mr. Verdant, who had been lately returned for a vacant rotten borough, and had not sat in the house a fortnight.

"Ask Hollywell!—he knows everything!" laughed Lord Behemoth, as he tossed off a glass of seltzer-water.

"Yes," said the witty Tom Sherry, "Hollywell is the seer of futurity, and will even tell you what will take place in the middle of next week. He is like a walking newspaper, and—about as much to be depended on."

"Or like a political gladiator, slippery with the oil of intrigue, gliding through the contests of party scatheless, and ready to draw the sword of debate on a new antagonist!" said Mr. Buffcover, who wrote reviews in the *Quarterly*, and had held office under the Conservatives.

"But this is not telling me what is the state of party!" said Mr. Verdant.

"The state of party is a state to be wept over!" said Hollywell, solemnly. "The Whigs are emaciations; Conservatives are make-believes; Radicals are abhorrences."

"By Jove, Hollywell!" said Lord Behemoth gaily, "you make out the glorious constitution to be a pretty kettle of fish!"

"A kettle, my Lord," said Hollywell with a slight sneer;

“that has more resemblance to that of the three weird sisters—before which kings may come, and kings may go; and into which public opinion and private intrigue, daring and poltroonery, principle and expediency, are thrown *pêle-mêle*, to seethe, and bubble, and mingle their heterogeneous ingredients in a filthy and unconstitutional mass. Depend upon it, my lord, that political infidelity will not hold with class legislation or a factitious aristocracy. An educated nation must recoil from an imperfect vicariate; and the utilitarian system must melt away before the fires of the press. This,” added Hollywell, with a tone of humility, if not of depression,—“this is the nucleus of honour, faith, and power; and this is what, if need be, we must shed our life’s blood to support. Why was James II. obliged to resign his crown?—because the Whigs combined with the Wesleyans to subvert the great Conservative principle. What brought about the French Revolution?—the levelling, and latitudinarianism, and the absence of Toryism in all their institutions.”

“What would you have, then?” asked Mr. Buffcover.

“What?” said Hollywell, with animation; “let us go back to the glorious Venetian government; the government of high aristocracy; the government for which Hampden fought and fell, and Sydney bowed his head upon the block. Why should we be made to eat our meat without salt? Why should the Crown be robbed of its prerogatives; the Church sunk into an establishment; the Parliament into a debating-club; the aristocracy into useless drones; the people into labouring ciphers; the glorious order of peasantry into drudging serfs; and civilization itself into a fevered dream? Why should these things be? Why, because the country wants a new party—a coalition—a party that has bided its time, and looks not to limited and sectional interests, but to the great principles of national welfare; a party that, from the judicious fusion of opinions, has formed itself on principles that must guide and control all other parties.”

“And when are we to see your Venetian government?” said Mr. Buffcover.

“When we have a Venetian constitution to govern with,” said Hollywell.

"*Floréal Etona!* let us think of party, not of principles," said Lord Behemoth gaily.

"For my part," said the Earl of Moddicum, "I give principles to the wind. They oblige me to keep to the House; and that interferes with the hunting."

"Not to mention Mademoiselle Fifine, and the charming little box at Chertsey!" said Mr. Hone Dee, who knew all the scandal of the town.

"I cry fye-fye to Mademoiselle Fifine!" said the witty Tom Sherry. But nevertheless he joined his lordship in a glass of *Lafitte*.

"Well! for my part," said Mr. Buffcover, "I hope for a place. The days of the Whigs are numbered. Their *mene-tekel-upharsin* begins to glimmer upon the wall, and the Tories must have their day."

"So must the dogs; but there is no *Curtius* for the sacrifice!" said Tom Sherry.

"I tremble at the responsibility," said Hollywell, with solemnity. "For what indeed is place, so vaunted, so much sought for? if this be a need of civilization, give me back the days of black barbarism. But I cannot believe it. The godlike deeds of heroes were not meant to be passed over in silence; there is that in the heroic principle which can alone satisfy the soul."



TANGREDI.

(From the painting by Hart Solomons, R.A., in the possession of the Rt. Hon. B. Bendizy, M.P.)

At this moment a young man of distinguished air entered the saloon, and joined the knot of talkers. His finely-arched brow was slightly elevated; the soft, dark eyes were fully opened; the nostrils of the richly-curved aquiline nose were slightly dilated; the marble pallor of his thoughtful face was in admirable contrast to the raven locks of his luxuriant hair. In his person he was a magnificent specimen of the pure Caucasian race; and in his intellect he displayed a large share of that Hebrew mind that exercises so vast an influence on the affairs of Europe.

"The age has its circumstances, and society has its forms," said the stranger to Lord Behemoth; "and we must bow alike to each. Behemoth, you must introduce me!"

"Willingly! Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you my friend Tancredi."

"Tancredi!" murmured the knot of talkers—"Tancredi! can it be possible?"

Hollywell had recognised him at once. There was a bond of sympathy between them. Who shall say that love is cold while sympathy survives?

"We thought you were at your Golconda estate—knee-deep in diamonds!" said Tom Sherry. "Perhaps you will drop them from your lips, like the child in the fairy-tale."

"I was there a week ago," replied Tancredi, calmly; "but since then I have been to the Crimea. Pelissier is my friend. You remember my means, and my mode of progress. This is the age of progress; the age of ruins is past."

Tancredi came of an unmixed race of a first-rate organization; he was a Mosaic Arab, descended from the great Soheik Abraham. To the unpolluted current of his Caucasian structure he owed that fiery imagination and luminous intellect that raised him so far above the members of those mixed races who presume to persecute his people, but who sink into insignificance before the primeval vigour of the pure Asian breed. Tancredi was master of all the languages that have ever been spoken, both before the flood and after. He had visited every nation and people, and had even explored the unknown regions of the polar circles, and made himself acquainted with the manners and customs of their inhabitants. He had visited every court in the world in order that he might become personally intimate with their monarchs and ministers. His limitless wealth, and his athletic frame that had never known disease,\* enabled him with ease to follow the bent

\* In a novel called *Coningsby; or, the New Generation*, a character is described somewhat similar to this of Tancredi. "Sidonia had exhausted all the sources of human knowledge; he was the master of the learning of every nation, of all tongues dead or living, of every literature, Western or Oriental. \* \* \* He had lived in all orders of society, had viewed

of his inclinations; while his unrivalled social powers, the severe simplicity of his manners, and his penetrative intellect, matured by long meditation, made him a welcome guest in every circle. Few men were more popular than Tancredi, few more loved; and yet how few understood him !

*(To be discontinued.)*

every combination of nature and art, and had observed man under every phasis of civilization. \* \* \* With all this knowledge, with boundless wealth, and with an athletic frame which sickness had never tried, Sidonia, nevertheless," &c. &c.



## BEAUTY IN DISHABILLE

*(A SKETCH FROM AN ANTIQUE.)*

"When unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

## THE BABY SHOW.

BY MRS. GAMP,\*

Authoress of "Diary of a Monthly Nurse," &c., &c.

WHERE is the man with soul so bage,  
Which could denige this moryal sage,  
That Babby-shows is all the rage?  
The monster!

Which he should instantaneous go  
Unto the famous Surrey Zo-  
-ologic Gardings, to the Show  
Of Babbies.

There, where the beastiges does roar,  
And bragian bands their toons play o'er,  
To see the babes, the people pour  
In thousands.

Like cowcumpers on summer days,  
These tender plants, though hard to raise,  
Does win our most maternal praise :  
The ducksy-wucksys!

\* Mrs. Gamp's feelings are doubtless strong on this subject, and may be shared in, for aught we know (though we very much doubt it), by a large number of "the women of England." But we must confess that *our* feelings are so strongly opposed to these "Baby Shows"—which we think are cruel, degrading, and disgusting exhibitions—that we should not have given insertion to Mrs. Gamp's poetical effusion, had not Lady Slipslop kindly furnished us with an antidote, which will be found in the article next ensuing.—ED.

Ah dear ! I knows a lady—which  
 Her name is Harris—who had sitch  
 Two little cherrryubs, with the ——  
Scotch complaint.

Which, likewise, was the cauge why they  
 Was not exhibited that day ;  
 So Mrs. Harris could not say  
As follows.

*1st Mother.* Who was the babe who gain'd the prize  
 For being, in the judges' eyes,  
 The little boy of finest size ?  
My Tommy.

*2nd Mother.* Who was the lion of the ground ?  
 Who gain'd the first prize of five pound  
 For well-developed limbs, and round ?  
My Billy.

*3rd Mother.* And who was it, all cloth'd in red,  
 Who for a month had been well fed  
 On rice, and oil, and oatmeal bread ?  
My Jimmy.

*4th Mother.* But who was it, with teeth like pearl,  
 And bright blue eye, and sunny curl,  
 Was judged to be "the prettiest girl" ?  
My Jemimar !

(*Hysterical, unlooked-for, and utterly-out-of-place Chorus of Mothers*): "Singing: Ri-tol-looral, lal-looral, lal-looral, lal la!"

## THE BEAUTY SHOW :

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER TO THE HON. MISS ADELAIDE BELL.

BY LADY SLIPSLOP,

Editress of "The Buds and Blossoms of the Nobility."

I MUST tell you, my dear Adelaide, of quite a new invention,  
That at present here in London is what people call "the go;"  
A more pleasing exhibition, love, perhaps I could not mention  
Than this, the best and newest, which is called "the Beauty  
Show."

Horticultural societies give Flower Shows so pretty,  
In which are set in order all the rarest flowers that grow;  
But anemones and marigolds, in country or in city,  
Can't compare with Annes and Marys blooming in "the Beauty  
Show."

Chiswick *fêtes*, no doubt, are pleasing, as one sees there all the  
fashions—  
And I would not for the world, my dear, cold water on them  
throw—  
Yet what are sunny flowers, and bright dresses, to the passions  
That must warm e'en cold spectators of "the Beauty Show"?

And then there are the Poultry Shows, where horrid Cochins  
China's  
From morning until evening continually do crow;  
They may please *some* people's feelings, but they do not int'rest  
mine as  
Do the harem of henpeckers in "the Beauty Show."

And there's the *Philo-* (what's its name?) *-peristeron* Society  
(I really am not blue enough its proper name to know);

Although they've doves and pigeons there in every variety,  
They're unlike the pretty pouters of "the Beauty Show."

There's the Smithfield Show in Baker Street, where Brobdingnagian cattle,  
And great unwieldy grunTERS, can do nought but puff and blow;  
Of oxen-eyed young ladies, Grecian Tennysons might prattle;  
What were they to John Bull's daughters in "the Beauty Show?"

And then we've fancy Puppy Shows, where darling loves of pug-dogs,  
King Charleses, Skyes, and Blenheims, and others white as snow;  
But they will not bear comparison, those glossy, smooth, and smug dogs,  
With the soft and silken darlings of "the Beauty Show."

Then Lord Mayor's Show comes with its foggy mummeries in November—  
To which, I'm proud to say, my dear, I never yet did go—  
With Canary Shows and Rabbit Shows, with more I can't remember,  
But they all sink into nothing with "the Beauty Show."

And then, for lack of novelty, we come to Shows of Babies,  
Reported by the newspapers as far from *comme il faut*;  
Frequented by pickpockets, gents, and simpletons, and gabies,  
Folks that we do not wish to see at "the Beauty Show."

Yet that there are points of likeness 'tween the two, I must acknowledge,  
Though but in a very slight degree doth that resemblance go;  
For the one was plann'd by vulgar minds, but the other by a college—  
The Ladies' College planned the scheme of "the Beauty Show."

The specimens exhibited are ranged in different classes,  
Distinguished by a number or a placard *apropos*;

As, "To the well-developed maidens"! "To the pretty little  
lasses"!

"To the Blondes"! and "To the Brunettes" of "the Beauty  
Show."

There was every type of Beauty, the Grecian and the Roman,  
Straight and *retroussé* noses, and foreheads high and low;  
Figures tall, and short, and slight, and full; such variety that no  
man

Could go away dissatisfied from "the Beauty Show."

There were delicate young ladies, and others fresh and comely,  
There were sentimental damsels, who had sigh'd at Werter's  
woe;

There were stately, queen-like maidens, and those that look'd  
more homely;

Ev'ry class was represented in "the Beauty Show."



Cruel!

To the dark-eyed beauties rushed one throng, to the blue belles  
rushed a second,

While a third, with eager footsteps, to the raven-haired would go;  
By a fourth, the flaxen tresses quite as beautiful were reckon'd,  
For each class found its admirers in "the Beauty Show."

But that the maidens might not by rude people be molested,  
And thus discredit on this novel exhibition throw,  
By the Committee's order it was specially requested,  
That the specimens might not be kissed in "the Beauty Show."

Altogether, my dear Adelaide, the Show was quite successful,  
And that several good matches have come from it *I know* ;  
Though ~~this~~ was crowded, yet the next will surely not be less full ;  
And perhaps, love, *you* may figure in "the Beauty Show."



#### A MAXIM FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

"What the goodwife spares the Cat eats."



### THE INFLUENCE OF THE INFLUENZA.

*Lady*—"HAVE YOU BEEN TO MRS. MONTMORENCY'S?"

*Buttons (who is suffering from a cold)*.—"YES, BUB."

*Lady*—"AND WHAT MESSAGE DID YOU BRING?"

*Buttons*—"BISSIS BALTBARELCY'S COBBLEBELTS TO YOU, BUB, AL' SHE CAL'T CUB'TO DILLER THIS EVELIL, AS SHE'S A SUFFERIL FROB THE ILFLUEL-ZAR, AS COLFILES HER TO HER ROOB, WHICH IS THE REASOL SHE COULDL'T SELD YOU A LOTE." (*Exit BUTTONS, with tears in his eyes, and a handkerchief to his nose.*)

## CHARADE.



MY FIRST is a Blackamoor—all know  
his name—

A leg and a foot are the whole of  
his frame;

And though he's no body, a cir-  
cumstance droll,

There's not the least doubt of his  
having a soul.

My second possesses a number of forms;  
He sails the salt ocean in sunshine and storms;  
And in lakes of fresh water he often is found,  
On dark deeds of dreadful destructiveness bound.

When we're sitting at dinner he often comes in,  
With masses of pudding stuffed up to the chin;  
And cook looks upon him with glances most sweet,  
For he helps in the kitchen in turning the meat.

Now, find out and tell me my whole, if you can:  
He is of some little importance to man;  
Though, with such a satirical spirit he's curst,  
He can really do nothing but take off my first.

W. M.

## A CHAT ABOUT CLEOPATRA.

BY SIR J. WILKINSON GARDINER,

Author of "Ye Manners and Customs of ye Ancyent Egyptyannes," "A Private View of Egypt," &c., &c.



HERE is, at the present day, a very laudable and increasing desire, both to know more of the manners and customs of people whose kingdoms have passed away, as well as to see those people represented in their habits as they lived. I need not remind my readers of the very interesting discovery of the little lava-covered town of Pompeii, and the still more interesting exhumation of the buried City of the East—Nineveh. The knowledge we are deriving from these two sources, is, as every thoughtful person must own, of incalculable advantage to the student of history, both sacred and profane; and this knowledge is popularised in a peculiarly agreeable form in that eighth wonder of the world, the Crystal Palace of Sydenham—which seems to have swallowed up all the other seven wonders, as well as the seventy-and-seven marvels that previously existed.

One of the most striking features in this wonderful "Pallis made o' windows" (as my friend Mr. Thackeray so agreeably sings)—probably *the* most striking feature—is the Egyptian Court, guarded by its two colossal warders, and approached by its avenues of sphinxes and lions—the latter being cast from the pair brought to this country by my friend Lord Prudhoe (I need not say, the present Duke of Northumberland). The immense proportions of these figures—their "hushed and grim repose"—their massive grandeur, "huge and vast"—their "staring

straight on, with" their "calm, eternal eyes," (as my talented young friend, Mr. Alexander Smith, says,)—the striking peculiarities of their colouring—the lines of hieroglyphics and symbols—the rows of columns of palm, and lotus, and papyrus—the ruddy gloom of the tomb from Beni Hassan—and the complete novelty of the whole Court, always leave on the mind of the visitor the most startling and ineffaceable picture among the many that are calotyped upon his brain.

Without egotism, I think I may take pride to myself that I have been a humble herald in introducing to my fellow-countrymen this insight into Egyptian life; and that I have, in conjunction with my excellent friend the present Duke of Northumberland, in a great measure dispelled that Egyptian darkness that so long had brooded over the Land of Hieroglyphics. My numerous publications relating to Egypt have familiarised the public mind with what is now so much more palpably set before them at Sydenham; and I therefore, while I freely take credit to myself for having been the people's pioneer to this new region of knowledge, rejoice in the avidity with which they have taken possession of it.

Until the Crystal Palace was opened, the great mass of the inhabitants of London knew little more of Egyptian architecture than might be gained from an inspection of the exterior of "the Egyptian Hall," where my talented and mercurial friend, Mr. Albert Smith, has created his Mont Blanc Entertainment into one of the institutions of the age; and, as this exterior was commonly placarded with the announcements of the various Exhibitions to be seen within, the spectator could but receive an erroneous impression of the real appearance of an Egyptian edifice—although the coloured letters in the placards might slightly suggest the idea of hieroglyphics.

I must confess that the student of Shakspeare would not rise from a perusal of his "Antony and Cleopatra," with those correct notions as to "the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians," which I have endeavoured to set before the reader in my work of that name. The great poet does not scruple to make great anachronisms, and to falsify history and truth, for his own

purposes. One of his anachronisms has been pointed out by my "Venerable" friend (if he will allow me the pun), Mr. Cathbert Bede, in his "*Motley*," page 53. It occurs in the fifth scene of the second act of the play, where "the Serpent of Old Nile," in her fit of *ennui* at the absence of her "man of men," cries to Charmian, "Let us to billiards!" I presume that Shakspeare



Cleopatra Playing at Billiards (in the dress of the period).

would have, "in his mind's eye," a scene like to that here depicted—Cleopatra playing with Charmian, Iras looking on, and Alexas keeping score.

But, at any rate, Shakspeare would scarcely have conceived his *dramatis personæ* to have been clothed similarly to the figures in the sketch. The "shapes" (as the actors' dresses were

called,) would have been very "questionable shapes," if the Swan of Avon had had "the Globe" *costumier's* goose at his disposal. Even my intellectual friend, Miss Glynn—who has been the first to adequately realise the impassioned character of the Queen of Egypt—has always dressed the character "classically," making Cleopatra like to a Roman matron, or the "Grecian Daughter." But I think it highly probable that Miss Glynn will do this no longer. We have seen her, in "Nitocris," in the true Egyptian dress; and we shall therefore look to see her "Cleopatra" re-appear "in the costume of the period." Even Garrick's "Macbeth" could not be tolerated in its flap waistcoat and knee-breeches, now that Mr. Charles Kean has tutored our eyes to expect historical truth in every stage accessory; and, after seeing Fitzball's "Nitocris," we shall not be satisfied with Shakspeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," unless a similar attention is paid to its scenery, dresses, and decorations.

It is to this "grand Egyptian drama of Nitocris"—lately produced with such magnificence and elaborate care at Drury Lane Theatre—that we owe the realisation of many of those day-dreams and imaginative pictures that may have haunted the visitor to the Egyptian Court at Sydenham, or the reader of any of my Egyptian books; and I feel personally grateful to the enterprising lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, for having expended so much money in setting in motion that complicated machinery that weaves for us so true a tapestry of the Past. A man who does this is, like the author who has been his guide, a benefactor to his species.

Shakspeare, even in the highest flight of his boldness, is cautious; for, in his famous description of Cleopatra sailing up the Cydnus, he does not describe that "triumphant lady's" dress with the minuteness he employs for the description of her barge and attendants: he briefly and cautiously says—

"For her own person,  
It beggared all description;"—

as novelists would say, it was much "more easily imagined than described." Although he "exhausted worlds and then imagined

new," yet he may have felt his inability to realise the millinery appearance of an Egyptian queen who had died sixteen centuries before he was born.



Antony brings Cleopatra a Duck of a Bonnet.

And even my agreeable friend Mr. Alfred Tennyson does not, in his "*Dream of Fair Woman*," help us to a solution of this enigma as to the robes of Cleopatra. But, in my own mind, I must confess that I imagine her to have been dressed as she was represented, not very long since, by my talented friend Mr. Tenniel, in the pages of *Punch*, and as she is here depicted by the artist of this present work.

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## MARCH AND APRIL.

BY TOM SPRING, ESQ.

In March, the weather fosters foes,  
 For, trees and bushes come to blows;  
 But April weather so aggrieves,  
 That trees and bushes take their leaves.

## ON A TOASTED MUFFIN.

BY SIR E. L. B. L. B. L. B. LITTLE, BART.,

Author of "The New Simon," &amp;c.

OBJECT belov'd! when day to eve gives place,  
And Life's best nectar thy fond vot'ry sips,  
How sweet to gaze upon thy shining face,  
And press thy tender form unto my lips!

Fair as the Naiad of the Grecian stream,  
And beautiful as Oread of the lawn;  
Bright-beaming as the iv'ry-palac'd dream,  
And melting as the dewy Urns of Dawn.

For thee I strike the sounding Lyre of Song,  
And hymn the Beautiful, the Good, the True;  
The dying notes of thankfulness prolong,  
And light the Beacon-fires of Praise for you.

Butter'd Ideal of Life's coarser food!  
Thou calm Egeria in a world of strife!  
Antigone of crumpets! mild as good,  
Decent in death, and beautiful in life!

Fairest where all is *fare*! shine on me still,  
And gild the dark To-Morrow of my days;  
In public Marts and crowded Senates thrill,  
My soul, with Tea-time thoughts and Muffin lays.



### COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

*Oxford Man (confidentially)*—"CAN YOU TELL ME WHO THIS GIRL IS—  
— THE ONE LIKE A SKINNED RABBIT ?"

*Old Gentleman (fiercely)*—"YES, SIR ! I CAN, SIR ! THAT SKINNED RABBIT,  
SIR, IS MY DAUGHTER, SIR !"

*Oxford Man (placidly)*—"INDEED ! I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT SO,  
BECAUSE YOU ARE SUCH A FAT OLD BUCK !"

*(Fat old buck goes for an ice to cool his wrath.)*

## A DINNER AT THE DUKE OF DAFFODIL'S.

BY N. WARKER PILLS,

Author of "Infamous Persons, and Infamous Places," "People I have Met, and who never wish to Meet me again," "Laughs I have put a Stop to," "Pilferings by the Way," &c., &c.

Jane Porter—Peculiarity of the Duke of Daffodil's Dinners—My reasons for writing and publishing—People glad to see themselves in print—Street-cabs and shops—Approach to Daffodil House—Singular custom—An aristocratic assembly—The Duke and Duchess—Portraits and their errors—Personal appearance and manners of the Duke of Daffodil—The unsurpassed high-breeding of the English aristocracy—A Ducal and an Oriental costume—Full-dress and semi-nude—"Thorough bred"—Wits and Writers—Philosophy of English society—The subdued tone—Stolidity of the thorough-bred Englishman—His favourite expressions—His desire to avoid a "scene"—Prince Albert's suspenders—The Dinner—Peculiar customs—Lady Hyacinth Crocus—A mishap—Agreeable conversation.



**T**HROUGH the kindness of a noble friend at whose house I had been calling, in company with Miss Jane Porter, who is one of the most elegant and agreeable persons I ever remember to have met, and still possesses the remains of uncommon beauty—indeed, my distinguished friend, Sir Martin Archer Shee, once considered her face as the *beau idéal* of feminine loveliness—I had received a note of invitation to one of those princely dinners for which the noble owner of Daffodil House is so celebrated.

One of the peculiarities about these sumptuous repasts is, that you not only meet there the proudest names in the aristocracy of the day, but also—which, of course, was more agreeable to my re-

publican and poetical sentiments—the proudest names in the aristocracy of talent. I felt the delicate nature of the compliment thus sought to be conveyed to me, and the recognition which my works have met with, on this side the Atlantic, in a country whose people are connected with us by many ties, and are inferior perhaps only to our own.

In the minute descriptions that I have, at various times, given of “the people I have met,” I have, without a scruple, disclosed the confidential conversations and scenes of private life, because the interest of these scenes, as sketches made by an American, of that high society in England which is so peculiarly interesting to Americans, as well as the fact that the sketches are not published until they have travelled to the other side of the Atlantic, will, I am sure, clear my writings from any charge of indelicacy.

More weighty reasons, however, justify the publication of these sketches. The personal portrayings of distinguished contemporaries are both popular and amusing. *They sell.* But, say the critics, such sketches demand inferior talent, and take an inferior place in literature. Perhaps. But as long as the public will buy them, that is a sufficient consolation to the author for all this carping of his critics. To minutely describe the social *deshabille*—if I may so call it—of distinguished persons, is no breach of courtesy towards them—their position demands it; and my long and intimate acquaintance with the English aristocracy warrants me in asserting that they sympathise in this feeling, and are willing to have themselves sketched by any writer who will pay them the great compliment to do so.\*

I went to Daffodil House from my Club, in one of the new street cabs, which are exactly like a sedan-chair hung upon wheels, the driver handling the reins over the top of the cab, as the steersman does with the tiller. As we whirled along, I was much struck with the vast improvement in the shop-fronts since I last visited England. As the dusk advances, the sight of these illuminated palaces, with their immense transparency of front,

\* Similar arguments—stated with the like logic, grammar, and elegance—are put forward by Mr. N. P. Willis, in the Preface to “*Pencilings by the Way*,” and in Letter vii. of “*Famous Persons, and Famous Places*.”—ED.

and their gorgeous show of colours and fabrics, are splendours, to which those in Eastern tales are very gingerbread matters indeed. Equipages of all kinds were thronging the streets; and it struck me, as a peculiarity of fashion, of which my American readers would like to be informed, that all the "tip-top" people rode without martingales; and that the most aristocratic "turn-outs" were driven without a check-rein.

On approaching Daffodil House, I was some time before entering its portals, on account of the long line of vehicles that were putting down their occupants in regular order. Indeed, I was so tired of being kept waiting, that I left my street-cab, and made the rest of my way on foot, greatly to the astonishment of the gigantic liveried footmen, who, apparently, could not understand my American independence, and thought I had dropt plump from the clouds. However, I soon made them understand that I was to be treated as a guest. A remarkably handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress—who reminded me, in the expression of his eyes, of my excellent and agreeable friend, Miss Jane Porter, who is, even now, a handsome ruin—received my cloak, and gave me in exchange a small ticket, which I had to keep for the remainder of the evening, until I reclaimed my property, a custom which reminds me of the system carried on in a pawnbroker's establishment.

Passing with a crowd of guests up a staircase lined with exotics, and through two very tolerably furnished rooms, we found ourselves in the drawing-room, which, in its general effect, is somewhat similar to one of those in Astor House, though, perhaps, less splendid in its details. A large company was already assembled, and the room was crowded like a *soirée*. The Duke advanced, and received me with the greatest *empressement*. He then introduced me to the Duchess, who is a very fine and exceedingly handsome woman, with a more regular set of features, and winning sweetness of face, than I think I ever saw in any one, unless, perhaps, it was my agreeable friend, Miss Jane Porter, whose tall and striking figure, and noble face, Sir Martin Shee said, approached, in its youth, to the *beau idéal* of female features.

The Duke of Daffodil is not at all the sort of person I had expected to have seen. Grant's portrait, engraved by Cousens, gives him the appearance of a *soigné* man of fashion, a fine picture, but an erroneous idea of the man. Really, this is a point on which a person, in justice to himself, should have a care. The best biographies are written in portraits; and how often does the biography belie the man? I have never yet seen a portrait of myself that altogether satisfied me.

The Duke is rather under, than above, the middle height, with a clumsy make, and large hands, which he crosses behind him in speaking, balancing himself on his heels, and swaying his body to and fro in a restless, nervous manner. He has a habit of partially closing one eye when he has come to the conclusion of a sentence, and of thrusting his tongue between his teeth, in a manner that would be exceedingly vulgar and disagreeable, were not the action accompanied by that serene benignity of countenance, and air of indefinable superiority and high-breeding, which would at once proclaim his exalted rank even to the dullest observer. And, republican as, of course, I am in taste and feeling, I confess that there is an unapproachable air about the English aristocracy, which fills one with certain feelings of awe and admiration.

The Duke is agreeable in conversation, and seems tolerably well-informed on the leading topics of the day. He was plainly dressed in a very ill-fitting evening costume, his star and red ribbon being considered sufficient to attest his rank. I have rarely seen a greater contrast, both in person and expression, than between the Duke and an Oriental Potentate who stood near him, tall and gorgeous, and clad in gracefully-draped shawls, with a cap of gold cloth. His large antelope eyes wandered in lustrous surprise over the half-denuded forms of the body of ladies who were sitting in a circle before him. Certainly this exposure of the neck and shoulders is sufficiently astounding to a stranger;\* though the high and glowing health, so common in England, consequent upon the equable climate of their atmosphere, and their habit of regular exercise in the open air, gives them a rosy-

\* It appears to have been so to Mrs. H. B. Stowe. See note at p. 54.—Ed.

and-white brilliancy of complexion that make their semi-nudeness tolerable to the critical eye. But I reckon this is a fashion that would not find favour in the eyes of our own *demoiselles*, whose glory it is to live in a country, where the climate, though its extremes of cold and heat, and the tempestuous character of its snows and rains, forbid anything like regularity in exercise, yet is, on the whole, one out of which, as I may say, you may get the most work.

Around these aristocratic and beautiful demi-nudes were gathered a knot of young men of fashion. They were evidently members of noble families, the lordly leaders of *ton*. They had that calm repose and immobility of countenance, that impossibility of surprise or *dérèglement*, that perfect self-possession, and certainty of being altogether *comme il faut*, which is so peculiar to the dignified North American Indian, and the English aristocrat. At the same time, their grace of manner, and their style of form and face, denoted that cast of superiority which in England is recognised by the word "thoroughbred." This peculiar style I have frequently observed in our high-bred Virginians, who have a fiery, free, and self-possessed bearing, and yet are the very soul of courtesy.

All the great wits and writers of the day were dispersed through the room. In one *coterie* was Walker, the great contributor to *Punch*, talking with Mrs. Gamp, who writes the lively articles in the *Standard*. Not far off, I had pointed out to me Jones, the Editor of the *Times*, in deep consultation with Brown, the distinguished poet. Here, was Robinson, the novelist, and there, Snooks, the sculptor; in one quarter, Smith, the artist, in another, Hookey, the punster. But you listened in vain for any lively passage of wit; if anyone had given vent to such, his invitation would not have been repeated. It is the philosophy of English society, to have everyone on an equal footing. If the wit indulges too much in his vocation, he becomes offensive; he surpasses the other guests, and eclipses their language, and is out of keeping with the subdued tone which suits the average of intellects. In fact, in this country, the subdued tone is the great charm; there is nothing violent. The "thoroughbred" English-

man labours to convey his meaning in the fewest and clearest words, and is not to be moved from his stolidity by any *contre-temps*. He hates nothing so much as a "scene," because that is what only vulgar people delight in. His epithet for anything that is disagreeable, is "odd." If you tell him that the house is on fire, he says it is "odd;" if you inform him that his grandmother has just expired, he says the same. You cannot astonish him. He has thought over every contingency, and has resolved what to do under the circumstances, and you cannot put him out.\* It is this that gives that subdued tone to the English high-bred society, which makes it so delightful to all; you know very well that, whatever *contretemps* may occur, no "scene" will follow. I was witness to an evidence of this, in the case of J——, whose suspenders suddenly gave way during a *soirée*. In America, a "scene" would have ensued; but here, all were too high-bred to take any notice of the awkward circumstance. *Après* of this, I tried to procure some suspenders of curled India-rubber, but could not meet with them anywhere in London. England has yet to be civilized in this particular, and Victoria (whose husband wears suspenders)† will probably thank me for this hint.

\* Mr. N. P. Willis says something similar to this:—"The high-bred Englishman studies to express himself in the plainest words that will convey his meaning, and is just as simple and calm in describing the death of his friend, and just as technical, so to speak, as in discussing the weather. For all extraordinary admiration the word 'capital' suffices; for all ordinary praise, the word 'nice' for all condemnation in morals, manners, or religion, the word 'odd.' To express yourself out of this simple vocabulary, is to raise the eyebrows of the whole company at once, and stamp yourself underbred, or a foreigner. This sounds ridiculous, but it is the exponent not only of good breeding, but of the true philosophy of social life." These remarks (we will not notice the suggestion of a friend that Mr. Willis meant to say "hybrid" instead of "high-bred") show the author's intimate acquaintance with English society, and his fine appreciation of its leading characteristics.—(Ed.)

† This highly-interesting statement relative to the illustrious Consort of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, was first made known to the world, through the medium of the American Press, in the winter of 1845, by Mr. N. P. Willis. It is another proof of the far-seeing powers of

I write my letters so hurriedly, that I make digressions with the pen, as one would do with the tongue in conversation. I set out with the intention of telling you about the dinner at the Duke of Daffodil's. *Revenons un peu.*

Dinner was presently announced, and we passed through files of servants to the dining-room. A band of music was stationed in a gallery at the end of the room, and played delightfully throughout the entertainment. This is generally done at the banquets of the aristocracy; the English like to eat when they are at dinner, and the music relieves them from the necessity of conversation. On the side-board was a great display of gold and silver plate, among which were several "cups"—as these large statuettes are called—which had been won by the Duke's horses. I fell into my place between Robinson, the celebrated novelist—who was quite silent, as is the custom of most close observers—and an exceedingly beautiful young lady of, probably, nineteen, who, I afterwards discovered, was Lady Hyacinth Crocus, one of the lovely daughters of our noble entertainer.

Little was at first said on either side. The dinner, in England, does not seem to me to be a very social meal; and I do not wonder at this. It is not altogether agreeable to sit down at table, with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose only



A Dreadful State.

business it is to see what you are eating. This bothers one, and represses conversation, which is only carried on fitfully, and with an effort. However, hearing my lovely companion—whose conversation and beauty strongly reminded me of my charming and description and elegant taste of that distinguished author. Well may America be proud of him!—(ED.)

talented friend, Miss Jane Porter, who is still a handsome woman, or, at any rate, the wreck of more than a common allotment of beauty—hearing her address a remark to her left hand neighbour in the Italian language, I at once, and without any affectation of reserve, joined in the conversation. This I was enabled to do, as my long residence in Italy had rendered me a perfect master of the language. She was taking soup at the time, and the suddenness of my address caused some merriment to the light-hearted girl, which had the effect of sending her soup the wrong way, and almost choking her. She soon recovered, however, and laughed good-humouredly at the mishap.\*

What effect my after-conversation had upon her I was enabled to judge when the entertainment had come to a close, and *chasse-café* had been brought in, and we had returned to the drawing-room. But I must reserve this for another letter.

\* This anecdote reads very tamely side by side with the following, which is told by Mr. N. P. Willis, "of an American belle who had lately married into a noble family," and who had "enchanted the exclusives by treating them with the most undeferential freedom." (The scene of the anecdote is London.) "One of her expressions was narrated with great glee. She chanced to have occasion to *sneeze* when sitting at dinner between two venerable noblemen. "La!" she exclaimed, "*I hope I didn't SPLASH either of you!*" Several instances of her *readiness* and *wit* were given, and, as those who mentioned them were of the class she is shining in, their *admiring* tone gave a fair reflection of how she is looked upon—as the most celebrated belle and notability of high life for the present season." This was the season of 1845.—(Ed.)

## PROVERBIAL POTICHOMANIE.

BY M. FARQUHAR RAMMER, ESQ.,  
Author of "*Proverbial Platitudes*," &c., &c.

### PREFATORY.

THOUGHTS may abide in the brain, yet how few have the wit to extract them ;

Many may know of Proverbs, yet could not for worlds have devised them.

All are not gifted the same : there are brains that are stupid and addled ;

There are those that are clear as the stream,—the pellucid water that floweth

Under the bridges, that bind the Surrey shore unto London.

Philosophy cannot be taught, unless you can meet with a teacher :

I am the teacher of this the nineteenth century of being.

Philosophy I can expound in a way hitherto undream'd of ;

Witness my book of Proverbial Platitudes, and its Editions ;

Book beloved by women—women of intellect feeble ;

Book that is lauded by old maids, and Evangelical parsons ;

Book that by school-girls is worshipped, and ranked with *the*

*Pilgrim's Progress* ;

That is read by bachelor curates, to maidens at Dorcas meetings ;

Designing curates, who choose the chapters on "Love," and "Marriage,"

And read the soft nothings therein, with smirks and murderous gusto.

I have written of Proverbs, turn'd everything to a Proverb,

Even my name as an author, proverbial is it with many,

Who, in braying derision, call me "Sweet Singer of Beadledom."

Let those laugh who win ! my Proverbs have eighteen editions !

teen editions bring fame, and—what is better—money.

OF POTICHOMANIE.

What shall I sing of now? what shall I turn into Proverbs?  
 What is the latest hobby bestridden by people of fashion?  
 Can it be Baby Shows? No! they are but for the vulgar;  
 And I only write for those who live genteelly,\* like I do.  
 Ha, I have hit on it now! Leather-work! "Nothing like  
 leather!"

So saith the proverb. And yet, Leather-work stale is to many.  
 Potichomanie—that is the thing! ("Cheese," I nearly had  
 utter'd!)

Yet, how shall I write the word? how ~~decide~~ its pronunciation?  
 What ~~indeed~~ its spelling? for protean changes hath it.  
 Is it "Po-teesh-omanee?" or, "Potty-shimomany" is it?  
 Is it "Potty-chomania?" or, "Po-tick-omany" is it?  
 Or "Poti-chom-any" is it, with the "chom" strongly accented?  
 Yes! I will stick to the last; nay! ~~that~~ is the word of the  
 cobbler.

What I meant to infer was, that I'd cleave to the "chomany;"  
 Or, when 'tis spelt with precision—Potichomanie—that's it!

Potichomanie is unto Art, as are rage to the robe of a monarch;  
 Mere patch-work of painting is it, and not the genuine bed-  
 quilt;

A will-o'-the-wisp that shines and deceives with an unreal splen-  
 dor;

A woman bedecked with rouge, which is Vanity of Vanities;  
 A painted sepulchre, where you must look at the outside only;  
 It is not even the real and unadulterated article;  
 But altogether a sham; of china a base imitation;  
 Dependent for its success on the closeness of the deception.

Go to, ye who would say Potichomanie is the real china!  
 Shall we take stones for bread, or spread our carpets with butter?

\* Horrible word! passes in society, and applicable only by second-rate people to second-rate lodgings, and second-rate manners.—Ed.

Shall we take vases of glass, bedaub'd inside with painting,  
 And stuccoed over with scraps carefully cut out with scissors?—  
 Scraps that are covered with subjects like unto pictures by  
 Watteau,  
 Like unto patterns that deck'd the gowns of our great grand-  
 mothers;  
 Like unto patterns we see still on old-fashion'd bed-hangings.



Potichomanie; a very serviceable invention, by which morning loungers may be made useful, if not ornamental.

Shall we take vases like these, for the vases of stately Dresden?  
 For the jars of costly porcelain, the productions of antique China?  
 Nay, let us perish rather! yea, let us cut off our noses!

Potichomanie is unto Art, as scissors and paste to the Printer;  
It is as a school-boy's scrap-book, to the far-famed gallery of  
Dresden:

An imitation; but, oh! how very far short of the real thing.  
Yea, my friends, it is true! Potichomanie is to be met with  
Even among our brethren; men who eat mutton as we do!  
Sad is the truth! and yet, what on earth is there free from  
sadness?

Is not the world, my friends, made up of the basest imitations?  
Look around at the masqueraders that swarm in our Vanity Fair!  
Look at the hardened sinners wearing the mask of the pious!  
Look at the hypocrite, clad—yea, concealed—in humility's *poncho*!  
All strive to look the real china, and yet are but Potichomanie.

Shall I, my friends, disclose the Potichomanie of the goose-quill?  
How the author who hath not brains, can counterfeit him who  
hath them?

Nay, that is dangerous ground, which I, M. Farquhar Rammer,  
Had best not venture on, lest I may fall in the slough of the  
critics.

For, yea, my conscience pricks me! I have paraphrased books  
that I should not!

I have striven, with a lucifer-match, to imitate Sacred Fires;  
I have strutted, in clod-hopping boots, on a ground that is holy;  
I have used my scissors and paste on leaves I had best let alone;  
Alas! I have burlesqued "The Preacher," I have imitated "The  
Proverbs;"

And what are my *Platitudes* but Proverbial Potichomanie!

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## EPIGRAM.

BY J. B. GOFF.

I would not change his lot with mine,  
Who, lacking spirits, takes to whine.

## EXCELSIOR ANALYSED.

DURING the last twelve months our musical feelings have been unnecessarily outraged from the repeated attacks we have received from about a score of "Excelsiors:" and it has not been without considerable pain that we have seen our piano-fortes condemned to endure the *poins forte et dure* of the burden of the song whose burden is "Excelsior." So irritated have we become on this subject, that the more "Excelsior" has been set to music the more we have been set against it, until we have come to consider it so wanting in true aspiration that we are forced to translate "Excelsior" by "ire." *Tantane ira?*

In a periodical whose editor advises upon affairs of the heart, and adjudges other difficult questions with a delicacy and sagacity that it would be our pride to imitate, we lately saw the following answer to an inquiring correspondent (who was doubtless singing "Excelsior," and panting for information as to what might be its meaning):—"Excelsior is a word that means *higher*. The song appears to be a sort of allegory." Perhaps the editor may consider it one of those headstrong allegories from the banks of the Nile to which the delightful Mrs. Malaprop refers. But as the editor's explanation appears to us to be of rather too meagre a character, we have forwarded the poem of "Excelsior" to a distinguished poetical analyst, with a request that he will endeavour to separate the meaning from the sound, and to arrive at the true allegoric worth of the poem. Our friend has given his opinion thus:—

When that young pilgrim with the flag  
Set out to scale the mountain crag,  
He left his true love plung'd in woe,  
And weeping, in the vale below.  
Nor blame him here! right well he knew  
All thoughts of earnest good, and true,

He scatters wildly to the wind  
Who's moulded by a maiden's mind.

With dauntless heart he wound his way  
'Mid rugged rocks that round him lay;  
But, ere he reach'd the mountain's brow,  
He perish'd 'mid the ice and snow.—  
How vain to war with Evil's might,  
And strive to win a moral height!  
For, in the struggle doom'd to fall,  
The soul must perish after all.

M.

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## SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

How sweet at eve to wander, when the lengthen'd shadows fall  
O'er copse, and dell, and dingle, o'er crag and crannied wall,  
When the sunbeams, faintly glinting o'er the sheaves of golden  
grain,

Light the gladsome reapers wending to their white homes on the  
plain.

Then with her you love so truly sweet, it is to slowly stray:  
Down the lane's secluded windings, by the brooklet's pebbly way;  
Sweet to sit where bending branches chequered shadows dimly  
throw;

Sweet to speak there, as a lover, in love's accents soft and low;  
Sweet to talk of future prospects, wedded life, and mutual bliss;  
Sweet to meet confiding glances, sweet to take the welcom'd kiss;  
But not sweet to hear some youngster, with ill-timed politeness,  
shout—

“I say, mister! please to tell me, does your mother know you're  
out?”

T. W. B.

## THE NEW THEORY OF DOLLS.



**HERE** is a deep meaning in DOLLS.

Philosophers may puzzle their brains about Hydrostatics, and Pneumatics, and various other atics, including of course Sky-attics, from whence much attic wit has proceeded, from the days of Aristophanes, best of comics, down to those of Goldsmith, most genial

of all poor authors that ever lived in a room with a lean-to roof; but all philosophy, wisdom, gravity, and scientific fiddlededee, must at last give way to a consideration, weighty, mighty, and powerful, of DOLLS!

DOLLS! the profundity of the thought almost staggers me, but I cannot disguise from myself the fact that the science of Dolls influences, in a remarkable degree, the conduct of individuals—nay, of those masses of individuals, those mighty aggregates, those conglomerates of crude ideas, noble impulses, erratic notions, chivalric tendencies, and domestic meannesses and littlenesses, called and known as nations! The world is governed by Dolls—purposeless puppets of old clothes and bits of ribbon, moved by wires and strings, that passion and prejudice never fail to pull. Little Frenchmen, in their earliest infancy, have doll soldiers given them to play with, with doll swords, and spears, and guns, and bayonets, and other *et cetera* of military doll-life. Little Englishwomen, on the contrary, are taught to dress their dolls in ribbons and finery, and wash their wooden faces, and make them gay for company, and in the evening put them carefully to bed in doll-cradles, with dimity head furniture and tchwork quilts. Will not the philosopher trace from these

facts the warlike tendencies of the Gael, and the domestic home-loving genius of the Briton ! Is it any wonder, bearing this profound theory in mind, that the Gallic cock is continually crowing, while the British lion goes quietly and comfortably to sleep at his post. Oh, profound and mysterious science of Dolls !



We have all heard or read of the history of the Splendid Shilling. Dean Swift wrote the history of a Broomstick, and the great Mr. Dickens has immortalised Euclid's first Problem, by stating, in so many words, that Mrs. Peerybingle made numerous representations of it with the rings of her pattens in the snow. But who ever attempted to write the history of Dolls ? Carlyle, indeed, produced a fairly readable book about Old Clothes, which—the book, not the clothes—contained many strange and questionable things. But there he stopped ; he could not touch the

subject of Dolls! Some one wrote a heavy volume on Finger-Rings—a prolific subject, when we consider how the golden circle influences not only family circles, but even the whole circle of our lives, as some of us have found out to our cost; and another bold author has actually endeavoured to interest us with a description of Baby Thoughts and Baby Feelings—a history of babydom—worse tyranny than beadledom, now that Exeter Change is about to be turned into butchers' shops, and the Surrey Zoological Gardens is selling off its lions, and tigers, and other wild and dangerous animals, in consequence of the great influx of life expected at the next baby show. But none of these have attempted the history of Dolls: not one of the great authors of America, armed with scissors, brush, and pastepot, has dared to lift so much as the corner of the veil that shrouds the mystery of dollyism. It remains for me, then—not to write the history of the Doll family, a family that is larger even than the human family, for every baby has at least two dolls, except in such cases as that of Douglas-Jerrold, Miss Martineau, and others, who never were babies, but were born into the world perfect men and women in little, and therefore never wanted dolls—it remains for me, then,—I say it with fear, and trembling, and great dread of being cut up in the *Edinburgh Review*, and flayed alive in the *Athenæum* and the *Eclectic*,—it remains for me, in humble imitation of some of the great men who have gone before me in the path of authorship—that dangerous path, so full of holes and pits for unwary feet to slip unconsciously into,—it remains for me, gathering all my authorities around me, and putting on my wisest look and my most comfortable of dressing-gowns, and slippers, to provide some few MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF DOLLS!

And by way of disarming those ferocious men who sit, pen in hand, ready to write down harmless authors in big reviews, I beg at once to say that, at the kind and earnest solicitation of numerous friends, I have been induced to put into a substantive form the speculations and ideas with which my brain has laboured for many anxious years.

Some authors have made a specialty of their notions on history, politics, poetry, and the allied sciences; and the great

Swedish mystic, Emanuel Swedenborg, wrote fifty or sixty volumes on one subject—but I have spent my life in endeavouring to conquer the historie and myserie of Dolls!

DOLLS! Did you ever, dear reader—I believe this is the usual style of address adopted by anxious authors who wish to stand well with the poor people who are deluded into buying their productions—did you ever, most polite and considerate of readers, go into a doll shop to buy a Doll? If you are married and have a child, or children,—the natural and blissful result of the double or married state—of course you have: but if you are still single and intend to be married, some day, when you can make up your mind, or when you have found a partner to your taste, or when—what matters when? If you are unmarried, and *don't* intend to unite your destinies with the lovely and accomplished so-and-so at the altar of the sly little what's-his-name, then go into a Doll shop notwithstanding. Or if not into a Doll shop, at least into the Lowther Arcade. For there's a deep philosophy in the study of Dolls. As Quintilian has acutely observed, in his report to the Roman Senate on the state and prospects of the oyster trade in the little island of Britain—I quote from memory, and may not therefore be altogether exact in the rendering of the original Latin—"It is the duty of every man who intends to become a father to study minutely the habits of children: and how can this be done if we neglect to examine the toys and playthings with which children habitually amuse themselves?" How indeed! therefore I pronounce it the duty of every man and woman in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, together with the Principality of Wales, and all the colonies belonging to the British Crown, to immediately make themselves acquainted with the Hystorie and Myserie of Dolls!

First,—one and all of the subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, residing in either of the places above mentioned, or travelling in foreign parts—I advise you, seriously, to **BUY MY BOOK**. For only by a sale at least double that promised by some facetious newspaper writer to Mr. Macaulay's History of England—a pile of books much higher than the Monument in the City, and of far more importance to the world in general—I mean

*my* history, not Macaulay's, which people say is only words after all—only by a sale of at least a million can either author or publisher hope to reap anything like the reward a history like mine—the highly interesting and never-to-be-sufficiently-lauded History of Dolls—so eminently deserves.

And now, with fear and trembling, I begin :—

When Semiramis, queen of Assyria,—by the way, for the purposes of this inquiry, I have taken immense pains ; I have searched through Maunder's "Treasury of Knowledge," looked into the "Encyclopædia Britannica," under letter D, and even consulted the catalogue of the library belonging to the Tooley Street and Rotherhithe Literary and Scientific Institution,—when Semiramis, queen of Assyria, and daughter of the goddess Decerto, who was changed into a dove, and had a play written for her, in which she performed for sixty consecutive nights at Drury Lane, or some other theatre—when Semiramis was a child, that was a long while before she killed Ninus, you know, she used to pine about the house, and mope dreadfully ; and all because she could not have a lion of her own to carry under her arm, in the manner represented in the Crystal Palace, where every one, who wishes to study ancient history and botany together, should go occasionally—some one gave her a little wooden god (stolen probably from one of those heathenish temples that the good king Henry the Eighth caused to be pulled down), which she called by a name which is rendered into the Greek thus, Δολλυ, a word which in English signifies Dolly ! Of this little image she was very fond, and dressed it in fine clothes, and only exchanged it at last for a lover, whom she treated in every respect, except the dressing and undressing, as she had treated the little wooden idol. When she died and was changed into a dove, the plaything, the Δολλυ, was given to one of her favourites, who caused others, exactly like it, to be made for the children of the country. This is the first mention made in history of the Doll. You will find the whole story, told in the choice Syriac and Hieroglyphics, in the "Egyptian Missionary Record," though I think it not unlikely that the first children born to our first parents, after they left

the Garden of Eden, amused themselves with Dolls! If you doubt the story, learn the language, as I have done, and read the account for yourself.

Frequent mention is made of Dolls by the authors of antiquity; but as I intend to write a longer treatise for the Philosophical Society of Timbuctoo, I will not trouble you with the passages; suffice it to say, that in the Grecian city *Συμυρια* dolls were made in great variety, with jointed limbs, and staring eyes, and impossible waists, and six-toed feet, and flaxen hair, and waxen visages, just as they are now, for the amusement of the dear little wootsey-pootseys of this golden age of Victoria.

Fearing lest, if I pursue this amazing theory of the rise and progress of Dollology, I should afflict you with the *doldrums*, than which nothing can be more dolorous and doloriferous, I stop here, content if I have aided more learned and patient philodologists by any hint, however slight, which will assist them in transmuting wooden-faced dolls into almighty dollars!

G. F. P.

## “NATURE’S STERNEST PAINTER.”

DEPICTED BY A LADY.

THOUGH I’ve skimm’d through his Poems in very great haste,  
Yet, I *must* say, that Crabbe has a *very* sweet taste.

## A LITTLE POET.

It can not be denied that Tom Moore’s reputation  
Was based, from the first, on a *Little* foundation.

## CHRISTMAS CHEER AND CHEERINESS.



WHEN Chroniclers tell us that Old King Cole called for his pipe, and his glass, and also for his fiddlers three, the reader of the legend is thereby left to imagine that the monarch had arrived at the very extremity of hilarity, and could go no further. Perhaps the tastes and habits of royalty were, in that day, suited to the simplicity of the times they lived in, and were somewhat deficient in those amenities which are, now-a-days, usually attached to polite society, from which—more especially in its court circle—the pipe and the glass, yea, and even the fiddlers three, are excluded. But, it is evident from the terms of the legend, that the elderly monarch (Cole) was in that state of doubtful happiness usually designated by the phrase, “right as a trivet.”

Now, what the peculiar rectitude of a trivet (in itself an in-offensive implement) may be, I have no means of ascertaining; and, why the consumption of vinous liquors, in a greater quantity than is good for a gentleman to carry, should be followed by a sensation of this peculiar rectitude, is one of those abstruse points on which commentators may be allowed to differ. But, I heartily hope that the rectitude felt and shown at our Christmas seasons may be of a very different description from this. Let a man call for his pipe, and call for his glass, and even call for his fiddlers three, if he so pleases; but, whilst he is fiddled to, let him drink and smoke in moderation, and not make Christmas an excuse for excess.

I confess that my ideas of cheer, as connected with Christmas,

are not necessarily dependent upon the making a beast of myself, and the conducting myself in a rude and indecorous manner, and the passing my Christmas night in a station-house, and the being fined five shillings by the magistrate in the morning. My opinions of Cheer, boys, cheer,—as applied to Christmas—are not of this kind. I acknowledge that I am sceptical on a point which so many would deem me heretic for doubting, namely this: that I cannot rightly and duly enjoy Christmas cheer unless I guzzle, and swig, and cram, and stuff myself with “good things”—good things that I turn into bad things, simply because I don’t put them to their proper use. I confess that I am ready to be made an *auto-da-fè* on this point, and that I am altogether unwilling to make myself uncomfortably dyspeptic, through a false understanding of a little word like the word “cheer.”

I may hold heterodox notions, but I frankly acknowledge that I cannot see any cheeriness in the sort of cheer that converts my minister of the interior into a minister of anything else than delights,—into a receptacle for a mixture, the ingredients of which, though individually agreeable, are, in the mass, indigestible and repulsive—

“*Rudis, indigestaque moles.*”

I like to see my Roast Beef of Old England, and my plum-puddings, and my mince-pies; I like to see whatever else is common to Christmas, and usually included under the name of “Christmas cheer,” whether it be geese, or game, or turkeys, or oysters, or cod-fishes; I like not only to see them, for I also very much enjoy the eating of them; but I utterly put away from me the notion, that, because it is Christmas time, and because these things are Christmas cheer, I must therefore do violence to my better judgment, and, in the language of the vulgar, “peg away” at those things in an unwonted manner.

I confess that I am mentally blind to the position, that, because it is the Christmas season, I must eat far more than I am accustomed to eat, and much more than is good for me to eat. The goose may be a silly bird, but I should deem myself a still sillier biped if I looked at the goose in the same light with the

Walsall gentleman, that it was a bird that was too much for one, but not enough for two, and did eat of it accordingly, simply because it was a Christmas goose, and I was partaking of Christmas cheer. I don't look at Christmas cheer in this light.

I don't see that, because I am not indifferent to a glass of wine after dinner, I should therefore be compelled to reduce myself to the verge of imbecility, and the condition of the trivet's rectitude, simply because it is Christmas time, and proper to indulge in Christmas cheer. I don't see that, because Christmas comes but once a year, and gives public-office clerks a holiday, I am therefore to accept, per force, certain peoples' notions of its due observance, and lower myself to the state of the gentleman to whom they gave, the

“ — next morn, a couple of red-  
Herrings and soda-water.”

I don't see this. There may be many cups, besides the tea-cup, that cheer but don't inebriate; and I don't see that I am to get into my cups, and turn them into inebriating ones, simply because Christmas cheer would ask me to do so. No! I detest the pomp of the Persians; I don't want any extravagant doings at *my* entertainments; no later roses, no philyrian chaplets—nothing but the simple myrtle.

Let us mark the Christmas season by any thing rather than gluttony; let no unwholesome excess come near our Christmas feast; let no unchristian waste of ours bring dishonour to the great Christian festival. Rather let our Christmas cheer bring us “one cheer more,” in the gladness of heart and lightness of spirit that make real cheeriness.

So long as there are widows' hearts to make to leap with joy, and orphan children who silently plead for charity, and shivering outcasts who stand in need of some helping hand of pity; so long as there are hungering mouths to fill, and sick at heart to heal, and wounds of bruised spirits to bind up, and naked sons and daughters of misery to clothe; so long as there are weary and heavy laden to be released from their burden, and broken links of affection to be forged anew, and dying embers of love to be

kindled to a glow; so long as there are ears that have never heard the whisper of the words, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men:" so long will there be ample opportunity for us to indulge ourselves to the full, and without any after-suffering, in *true* Christmas cheer and cheeriness.

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## THE SONG OF HIAWATER.

BY PROFESSOR LONGANDSHORTFELLOW.

THIS remarkable poem—of which, unfortunately, we can only give an outline, as it is, in its entirety, much too long for the limited space now at our disposal—is called by its distinguished author "A London Legend." In the "Notes" to the poem, he says—"This London 'Edda,' if I may so call it, is founded on a tradition prevalent among the street-sweeping Indians, by one of whom it was related to me, on an occasion when I had sought shelter from a sudden storm, beneath that fragment of the Quadrant Arcade that is at the corner of Titchborne Street. Into this old tradition I have woven other curious London legends, drawn chiefly from the unfinished writings of Mr. H. Mayhew, in 'London Labour, and the London Poor,' in which he has rescued from oblivion so much of the credulous superstition of the Cockneys."

As, from the nature of the poem, there occur in it many words of "slang," which would be quite unintelligible to ninety-nine out of every hundred readers, the author has done very wisely to append to his poem, not only "Notes," but also a "Vocabulary," in which are explained those peculiarly "slang" words which were doubtless used in the original narrative of the street-sweeping Indian. Thus, in the following "Introduction" to the poem, the expression "Cock-chanter" is explained thus, "a singer of 'cocks'—i.e., the street-vended accounts of fictitious murders, deaths, outrages, fires," &c. It is perhaps because

the printing of these "cocks" is frequently performed by Mr. Catnatch, that the author of the following lines has attributed to him the narration of the legend. This is a portion of the

#### INTRODUCTION.

Should you ask me whence this story,  
 Whence this legend of derision,  
 With the odours of the City,  
 With the fog and damp of London,  
 With the smutty smoke of chimneys,  
 With the flushings of great sewers,  
 With its tiresome repetitions,  
 And its wild exaggerations,  
 As of ocean in a fountain?  
 I should answer, I should tell you,  
 "From the kitchens, and the aireys,  
 From the great streets of the West Strand,  
 From the land of the Old Bailey,  
 From the stand of hackney-coachmen,  
 From the counters, floors of strewn sand,  
 Where the grocer, the Shuh-sugar,  
 Lives among the teas and coffees;  
 I repeat them, as I heard them  
 From the lips of Catnatchaha,  
 The Cock-chanter, the street-singer."

Should you ask where Catnatchaha  
 Found this tale so mild and wayward,  
 Found this legend of derision,  
 I should answer, I should tell you,  
 "In the third floors of the garret,  
 In the lodgings of the weaver,  
 In the book-prints, too, of my son,  
 In the gallery of 'The Eagle'!"

It is probably to the Indian street-sweeper that we are indebted for the Indian character that pervades the structure of the poem, and gives it its chief claim to originality. Although the poem assumes a legendary form, yet it largely partakes of the nature of that peculiar class of modern song known as "the puff poetical." For, the main object of the poem appears to be the recommendation of an eye-lotion, invented for the benefit of the patentee, and the use of credulous people who may be suf-

fering from weakness in their organs of vision, and are willing to give 2s. 9d. for a bottle of the eye-lotion, "with the Government Stamp."

The story of the poem is briefly this :—Hiawater, the inventor, patentee, and vendor of the eye-lotion, is in love with Minnie Harhar, the daughter of an old trunk-maker. She is familiarly called "Running Water," being afflicted with weak and watery eyes. It is this, her infirmity, that has kindled the passion of love in Hiawater's manly breast. He views her sufferings, and he longs to mitigate them with his eye-lotion. On the shallow pretext of ordering a box in which to pack a hundred of his bottles for exportation, he visits the old trunk-maker's shop, and obtains an interview with the daughter. He touches delicately on the subject nearest to his heart, and, under the pretence of leaving his direction, gives Minnie Harhar a paper of the testimonials that are stated to have been bestowed upon his lotion. She procures a bottle, and bathes her afflicted eyes with its contents. Hiawater slyly calls, more than once, for the ostensible purpose of giving further directions as to the making of the box ; during these interviews he converses with "Running Water" on the subject of her weak eyes, and the lotion she is taking for their cure, to fully effect which he gallantly presents her with a second bottle of his nostrum.

But the *trunk-maker's* eyes are not affected ; they are wide open, and he is fully aware of what is going on. As he has fixed in his own mind that his daughter shall marry "Billitomson, the Green-grocer," who had long paid his attentions to her, and indeed had been

" Keeping company for two years  
With the child of the trunk-maker,  
Minnie Harhar, ' Running Water,'  
For two years, had been her young man ;  
For two years, paid his attentions ;  
Had stood treat for her at Vauxhall,  
Taken her unto Theatres,  
And had shewn her Rosherville, and  
Baron Nathan, the Egg-dancer ;"—

and had, in fact, done everything that could be expected of a

young man who was keeping company ; the old Trunk-maker is resolved that " Billitomson, the greengrocer," shall have fair play, and a good chance. He, therefore, sets his face against Hiawater, and endeavours to prevent his daughter from using the

"Wonderful Eye-lotion, with the  
Governmental stamp upon it."

When she persists in using it, he pretends to imagine that the lotion is composed of noxious ingredients, that will be detrimental to her still-enfeebled vision ; and he exclaims,

" In well dissembled terror,  
' Kago ! kago ! do not touch it ! " "

(From the " vocabulary," we find that " kago " is the " slang " for " do not.") Minnie Harhar replies to her father's depreciatory remarks, by lauding the eye-lotion, and Hiawater's kindness in giving her the bottle ; whereupon, the old Trunk-maker endeavours to silence her by the terrifying observation (that he had often made to her in her childhood),

" Hush ! the naked Bear will get thee ! " "

Minnie Harhar, however, being in her teens, is not to be frightened by the " bogie " of her youth ; and, in reply to her father, contents herself with reading to him the paper of Testimonials. We can only find room for one of these :—

"Honoured Sir ; For thirty-five years,  
I had been a moaning martyr,  
Suff'ring most unheard-of torture  
From my eyes, sir, which were weak ones.  
Doctors I had tried, and physic  
Swallow'd, I may say, by pailfuls ;  
But I did not get, sir, better,  
But was daily worse, and worse :  
So that life was but a burden.  
Came a friend, and said unto me,  
' Do try Hiawater's Lotion !'  
I procur'd a bottle ; used it ;  
Then, expended two and ninepence  
In a second, like the former ;  
When, my eyes were much relieved, sir ;

And, by using a third bottle,  
 Sir, their cure was quite completed;  
 And, I now see through a mill-stone,  
 Or a ladder, very plainly.  
 By continuing the lotion,  
 I expect I soon may see, sir,  
 Round a corner, or, e'en into  
 The ensuing next week's middle.  
 As it seems to me to be a  
 Duty to my fellow-creatures,  
 To make known the wondrous cure, sir,  
 That your lotion has effected,  
 You, hereby, have my permission,  
 Sir, to publish this my letter;  
 Which, I trust, may lead to many  
 Following the wise example  
 Of your very grateful servant,  
 Sarajones, of Dashstreet, Blanktown."

Minnie Harhar reads to her father one hundred and twenty-five testimonials (which, in fact, form the pith of the Poem), couched in similar language to the foregoing; to which, the old Trunk-maker, being wearied with their "tiresome repetitions," makes a very brief rejoinder:—

"‘Ugh!’ he answer’d very fiercely."

He afterwards, however, recovers his accustomed volubility, and endeavours to persuade his daughter that Hiawater's Lotion owes its celebrity to its being so pertinaciously advertised; and, that its inventor had simply trod in the steps of

"Howlawaya, the quack-doctor,  
 Mosieson, the cheap slop-seller,  
 Marywedlake, oaten-bruise,  
 Mechisteel, and Warrenblackening,  
 Camomile, the Pillofnorton,  
 Doctorjong, the great codliver,  
 Revalenta, the Dubarri,  
 Rowlandskalidore, and Trotman's  
 Doubledupperambulator."

But the Trunk-maker's sneers are of no avail; Minnie Harhar continues to believe in her lotion; and Hiawater, in order to com-

plete her cure, bears her away to his own roof, and marries her—to the joy of persevering lovers, and to the discomfiture of Billitomson, the Greengrocer.

The author concludes his striking Poem (of which, we much regret, that we are unable to give more than this brief sketch) by painting a beautiful picture of connubial felicity,—Hiawater increasing his business and his advertisements, and Minnie Harhar attending to the “Testimonials,” and exhibiting her lustrous eyes in proof of the efficacy of her husband’s eye-lotion.

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### “CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS.”

THE lively Hood, by literature ·  
A livelihood could not procure.  
Though Poet, Gauger, Swain, by turns,  
Yet, Riches coldly shrank from Burns.



# AN ESSAY ON MODERN POETRY ; ESPECIALLY IN ITS RELATION TO BALLAD LITERATURE.

BY THE EARL OF SNARLISLE,

Author of a "Diary in the Buxton and Cheltenham Waters," &c.

ALL Poetry, whatever may be its subject or nature, must bear visibly on its surface the impress of Genius ere it can be accepted as genuine, and made current coin in the great realm of Thought. And, in this age of counterfeits, when base poetic shams are offered to us daily, it behoves us to look with some suspicion on the pieces put into our hands, and to at once reject them, if they have not the sterling ring of purest metal and the unmistakeable stamp of Genius.

But the true poetic spirit will ever make itself apparent ; it cannot be tutored or imitated, but springs, Minerva-like, from the brain, with perfected form, in all its panoply of strength. Without this, there can be no true poetry.

"Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,  
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium."

Art may do much ; a cultivated taste and a musical ear may assist ; but where there is no Promethean spark of Genius, to fire the soul and kindle the imagination, the Poet is but dull clay, and his Poem but a composition. A nobler aspect than this belongs to true Poetry ; it is no dead form—beautiful, indeed, but soulless—but it is instinct with the perfections of life, and gives vitality to all it touches. In the words of one\* who possessed this fire of Genius in a remarkable degree—"Poetry makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world." In the language of a later but equally youthful Poet,

\* Shelley. *Vide* his "Essays."

“ Poetry is

The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride.”\*

But, though I fully recognise the fact of innate Genius—that “*Poeta nascitur, non fit*,”—yet I as fully recognise the truth that has been so well brought forward by Sir William Temple : “ Though invention be the mother of Poetry, yet this child is, like all others, born naked, and must be nourished with care, clothed with exactness and elegance, educated with industry, instructed with art, improved by application, corrected with severity, and accomplished with labour and time, before it arrives at any great perfection or growth.”

Perhaps the most popular form that Poetry can assume, is that of the Ballad. It was, indeed, from the firm hold that a well-contrived ballad exercises on the public mind, that the oft-quoted saying arose—“ Give me the making of the people’s Ballads, and I care not who may make their laws.” The Poet Gay has immortalised

“ That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,  
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung ;”

the type of persons who, by the exercise of a good memory and moderate vocal abilities, hold no mean authority in a country parish.

It is to the peculiar construction of the Ballad that the popularity of this form of Poetry is mainly owing. For the Ballad deals in a familiar way with the realities of actual existence, and does not, like the creations of the Philosophic and “ Spasmodic” poets, bewilder the reader by vague and incomprehensible aspirations after the useless and impossible, but engages the attention by a life-like and matter-of-fact description of persons, places, and events like to those we are in the habit of seeing from day to day.

“ Nature’s sternest painter, yet her best,” has very truthfully depicted the form of a popular Ballad, thus :—“ In truth, I can but consider this pleasant effect upon the mind of a reader as depending neither upon the events related (whether they be actual or imaginary), nor upon the characters introduced (whether

\* Alexander Smith’s “ Life Drama.”

taken from life or fancy), but upon the manner in which the poem itself is conducted; let that be judiciously managed, and the occurrences actually copied from life will have the same happy effect as the inventions of a creative fancy; while, on the other hand, the imaginary persons and incidents to which the Poet has given 'a local habitation and a name,' will make upon the concurring feelings of the reader the same impressions with those taken from truth and nature, because they will appear to be derived from that source, and, therefore, of necessity, will have a similar effect."

Horace lays down the same law with more epigrammatical brevity :—

"Ficta voluptatis causâ sint, proxima veris."

Of late years, nearly every twelvemonth has had its own popular ballad. Last year, the remarkable originality of Mr. Robson's acting and singing, created "Villikins and his Dinah" to the rank of the Ballad of the day. During this past year, the Ballad of "the Ratcatcher's Daughter" has had, certainly a lesser, but still, a very great and extended success. Like its more popular predecessor, it is an old ballad revived, and made celebrated by the peculiar talent of some one singer, as well as by the beautiful simplicity and ear-haunting plaintiveness of its melody. An edition of this ballad was published in 1842, adorned with seven illustrations, designed by the facile brain of an appreciative lady—Miss Brigstocke.

As the *dramatis personæ* of the ballad of the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," are people in humble circumstances, the language of the Ballad is very properly adapted to their condition; it is of that class of diction termed the coster's, or the costermonger's. The Unities of Composition are thus fully attended to.

The Ballad opens with the prefatory observation that the daughter of the Ratcatcher (her name is left a mystery—which considerably heightens the dramatic interest of the Ballad) lived in "Vestminstier," and yet did *not* live there,

"'Cos she lived t'other side of the vater."

A statement which shows the author's earnestness of purpose, and

his desire to deal with stern facts. The *locale* having been stated, the position in life of the Ratcatcher and his daughter is then stated. Her occupation was the vending of those tiny delicacies of the ocean—sprats; a business which she carried on with so much modesty and grace, that we are informed

“ The gentlefolks all took off their hats  
To the putty little Ratcatcher's daughter.”

A fact which would tend to prove that the great Burke was wrong in pronouncing the age of chivalry to have passed, and which shows us, in a very delightful manner, how those of gentle blood can behave to their inferiors. It may be, that a part of the charm that had gained for her the attention and civility of “ the gentlefolks ” was her voice ; which was not like Cordelia's, “ gentle and low,” but “ a sweet, loud voice ; ” so loud, in fact, that it reached all up Parliament Street, and as far as Charing Cross. But though the power of her lungs was so great, the sweetness that characterised her voice probably took from it all asperity and clamour.

The style of her dress appears to have been very simple :—

“ She wore no 'at upon her 'ead,  
No cap, nor dandy bonnet ;  
The 'air of her 'ead all 'ung down her back,  
Like a bunch of carriots upon it.”

This reminds us of rare Ben Jonson's choice :—

“ Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace ;  
Robes flowing loosely, hair as free ;  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all th' adulteries of art ;  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.”

This “ sweet neglect ” of the Ratcatcher's daughter had a similar effect ; for many, both rich and poor, “ in matrimony sought her.” She, however, would have nothing to say to them, her young affections having been already secured by a gentleman who gained his livelihood by selling Hly-vite sand. So absorbed was she by her passion, that when, in the business of her profes-

sion, she had occasion to make the public inquiry as to the want of the fish she vended, she, in the sweet forgetfulness of love's early dream,

"Cried, 'D'ye want any fily-vite sand, oh?'"

By a singular coincidence, her lover, with similar absence of mind,

"Instead of crying 'D'ye want any sand?'"

Cried 'D'ye want any Ratcatcher's daughter?'"

A mistake that even caused laughter in the humble animal that drew his sand-cart.

Their affection being mutual, their union is fixed to take place "upon next Easter Sunday," a day which is looked upon by the lower orders as a propitious one for the marriage ceremony. But "the course of true love never yet did run smooth!" The Ratcatcher's daughter has a dream that she will not be alive on the Monday; and with her mind deeply impressed with this fatal hallucination, she once more betakes herself to the river side, with the intention of purchasing a fresh supply of her piscine stock in trade. Alas! her prophetic dream is realised!—from some untoward accident, which is up to the present time veiled in obscurity, she falls into the treacherous water;—

"And down to the bottom, all kiver'd up wi' mud,  
Vent the putty little Ratcatcher's daughter."

The news of this dreadful event was soon communicated to her lover. The unfortunate gentleman was stunned with the shock, and a flood of tears told of his inward emotions. It must have been a painful sight to the spectators to have seen that strong man in his tearful agony! His mind, however, was at once made up; and he expressed his unfaltering resolution in the most unequivocal language:—

"Said 'e, 'In love I'll constiant prove;  
And blow me, if I live long arter!'"

And he did not. The instrument selected for his self-destruction was an uncommon one—a pane of glass, chosen, doubtless, to signify the pain he felt, the brittleness of his hopes and the keenness of

his despair. With this he severed his carotid artery ; but before he expired, feeling an anxiety as to the future lot of the humble animal who had served him so well and faithfully, he “ stabbed his donkey ” either with the same sharp implement that he had used against himself, or with his ordinary clasp-knife. Thus he destroyed his quadruped, and the possibility of its falling into the hands of a less kind master.

“ So, 'ere was an end to Lily-vite sand,  
Donkey, and Ratcatcher's daughter.”

The Romeo and Juliet of humble life had strutted their little hour upon this earthly stage, and, full of love for each other, had made their final *exit*. Let us drop the curtain, and softly sing the burden of their ballad,—

“ Doodle dee ! doodle dum ! di dum doodle da ! ”



### DO NOT BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR.

YOUNG LADY (*who is reading the newspaper to her aunt, and has got to the grouse-shooting intelligence*).—"A MOOR OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S"—

OLD LADY (*hastily*).—"THERE, DEAR, THAT WILL DO. (*To herself*)—*Amour of LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S!* WELL, THOUGH HE *HAS* DISGRACED HIMSELF IN HIS POLITICAL LIFE, YET STILL I *did* THINK THAT HIS PRIVATE CHARACTER WAS FREE FROM BLAME. A MARRIED MAN, TOO! SHAMEFUL!"







